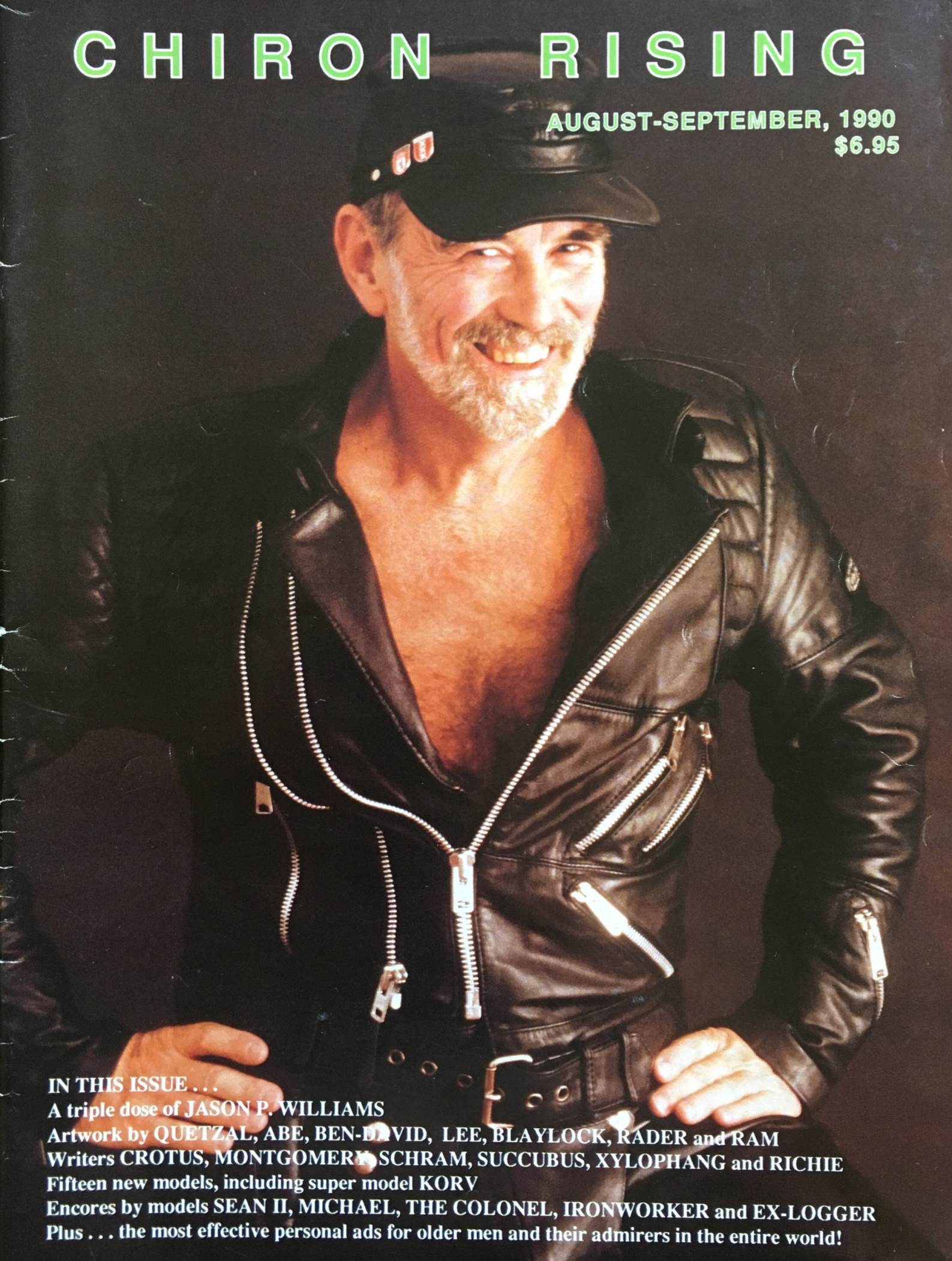
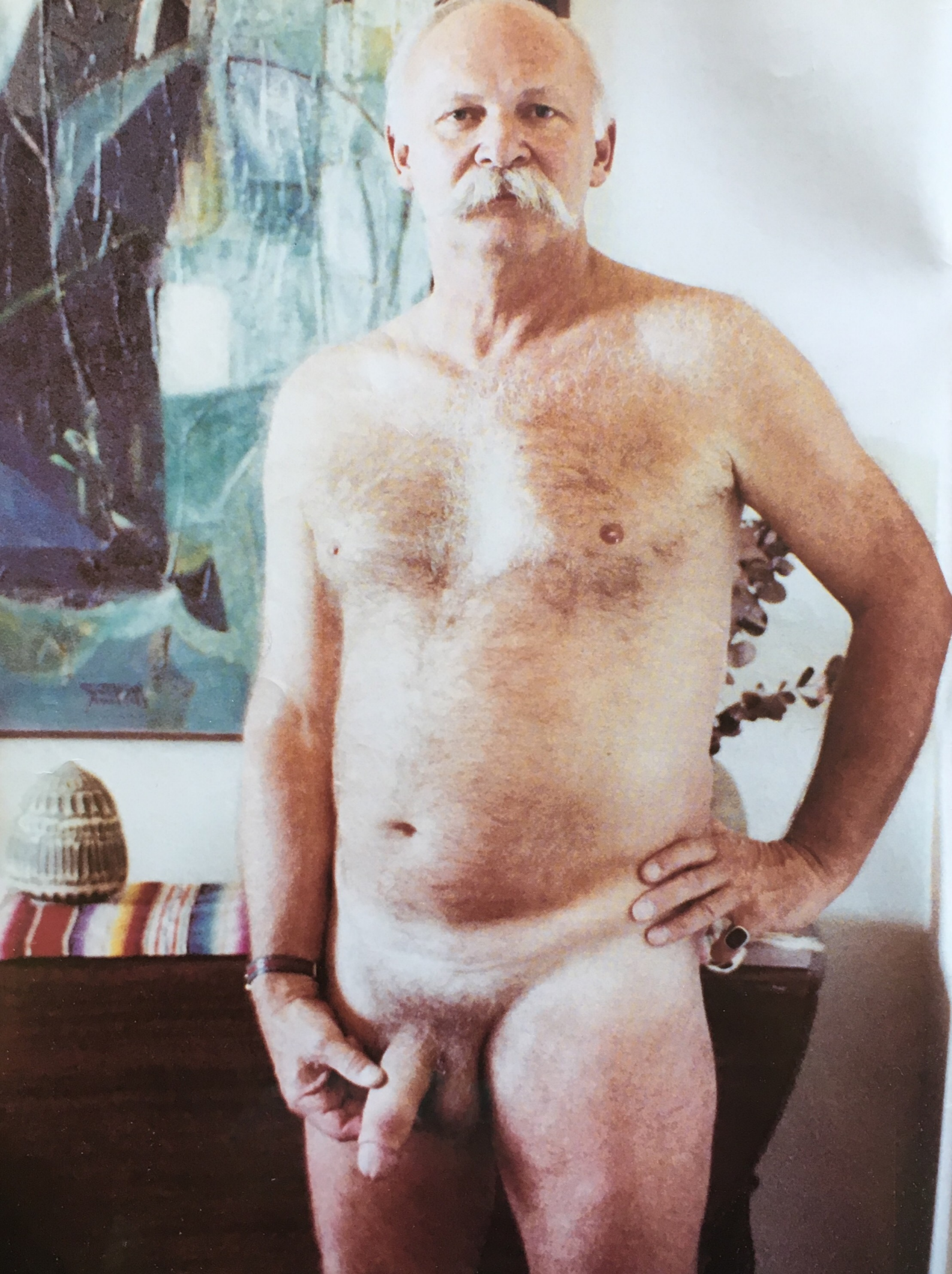
CHIRON RISING

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1990
$6.95



IN THIS ISSUE . . .
A triple dose of JASON P. WILLIAMS
Artwork by QUETZAL, ABE, BEN-DAVID, LEE, BLAYLOCK, RADER and RAM
Writers CROTUS, MONTGOMERY, SCHRAM, SUCCUBUS, XYLOPHANG and RICHIE
Fifteen new models, including super model KORV
Encores by models SEAN II, MICHAEL, THE COLONEL, IRONWORKER and EX-LOGGER
Plus . . . the most effective personal ads for older men and their admirers in the entire world!



THIS PUBLICATION IS DEDICATED TO THOSE MATURE MEN AND THEIR MALE ADMIRERS WHO SEEK ENTERTAINMENT WHICH GLORIFIES SOCIAL, SPIRITUAL AND SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN ADULT MALES. IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIAL, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER!

CHIRON RISING is published bi-monthly during each even month at San Gabriel, California, and is available at a yearly subscription rate of $34.55. The entire contents of CHIRON RISING are copyright © 1990 by Patrick H. Colley and may not be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without written permission from the publisher. All rights reserved. Our lists of subscribers and advertisers are confidential and are not sold or given away. Publication of the name or photograph of any person or organization in articles or advertising in CHIRON RISING is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization. The official views of CHIRON RISING are identified as such. Opinions expressed in bylined columns, letters, articles and cartoons are those of the writers and artists, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of CHIRON RISING or Patrick H. Colley. Unless stated otherwise, all artwork herein is created from imagination and any similarity between characters depicted herein and actual persons is purely coincidental and unintentional. All models are over 21 years of age. All correspondence received by CHIRON RISING is considered for publication in our LETTERS section, unless otherwise requested by the writer. All readers who request general information on models, writers, photographers and artists must include a self addressed, stamped envelope with their letter. For those who have a question about their account, no S.A.S.E. is required. All correspondence should be addressed to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

PUBLISHER/EDITOR
Patrick H. Colley

BIG BOSS
The Friar

WRITERS/ARTISTS/ PHOTOGRAPHERS/MODELS
Our Subscribers

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COVER: SEAN II . . . photo by CHELSEA WILLIAMS
2. KORV . . . photo by P.H. COLLEY
4. MESSAGE FROM THE FRIAR
5. LETTERS
7. ARTWORK by JOSEPH BEN-DAVID
8. PROFILES
10. MODELS: JOHN BLAYLOCK and BO
11. ORGANIZATIONS
13. QUICK QUIZ
14. RICHARD . . . photo by WAYNE HAMPTON
15. THE POETRY OF CROTUS
15. THE SONNETS OF M.S. MONTGOMERY
15. THE POETRY OF J.P. WILLIAMS
16. THE POETRY OF F.R.M. SCHRAM
17. MODEL: BARNEY
18. FICTION by SUCCUBUS
20. MODELS: THE NATURAL and JACK II
21. MODEL: HEART
22. MODEL: LONESOME COWBOY
23. KENN RICHIE
24. MODELS: NEAL and JOSEPH
25. MODELS: NO WRINKLES and THE WILD HARE
26. J.P. WILLIAMS
28. QUETZAL
32. ARTWORK by RADER
35. MODELS: SAMN and ANTHONY
36. PERSONAL ADS
38. MODEL: R.L.
41. ARTWORK by JOHN BLAYLOCK
44. ARTWORK by W. BRUCE LEE
47. MODEL: LEN
48. IRONWORKER . . . photo by P. H. COLLEY
49. THE COLONEL . . . photo by KENT JUSTICE
50: ARTWORK by ABE
51. XYLOPHANG
53. C.C. . . . photo by P.H. COLLEY
54. EX-LOGGER . . . photo by MIKE III
55. ARTWORK by RAM
56. IN CLOSING
59. MICHAEL . . . photo by CHELSEA WILLIAMS
60. JARED . . . photo by REED SCOTT

MESSAGE FROM THE FRIAR

Firmly convinced that we could work twelve hours a day, seven days a week, and still never catch up with the demands of this magazine, I put my foot down. Henceforth, Pat and I will take three days off each month, come hell or high water. And if our mini-vacations are half as restful and eventful as the five day trip we just completed, then it'll be worth coming back to a two foot stack of mail each time.

We headed for the San Joaquin Valley the morning of the 10th of June and spent the night with a fascinating subscriber in Fresno. Howard is a magnetic, assertive man with white hair and a disarming smile. Still living in the same neighborhood of his birth, he spends his retirement years taking care of his extensive properties and alternating his fun time between two other homes in Pebble Beach and Palm Springs. A widower, Howard met a young man a few years back who reached out for him and taught him about love between two men. What seemed destined to be a sweet, long-term relationship was cut short, however, when the young man died in an automobile accident at 29. The grieving process continues there behind those lucid, friendly eyes. The terrible pain of a double loss is still there, and yet he continues to search.

The next morning, we struck out for the Russian River area north of San Francisco. Our destination was a bed and breakfast house operated by another subscriber. Dave, a stocky man in his sixties, built his four bedroom home thirty-five years ago, near the top of an isolated mountain overlooking the magnificent redwood forest along the Russian River. He and his wife lived happily there, raising a large family. But like Howard, Dave is also a widower, having lost his wife to cancer. He's a rather quiet man, but his expression and surroundings betray a superb intelligence and a profound respect for nature. The two-level, terraced house—called "House Of A Thousand Flowers"—offers a spectacular view of the river below and the coastal hills. A cool breeze carries the sounds of blue jays, woodpeckers, finches, wood ducks and hawks. Living up to its name, the house is surrounded and filled with every kind of flower imaginable. Spacious redwood decks and terraces offer an assortment of vistas, and the Japanese decor of the guest rooms is in perfect harmony with the environment. Moreover, there is something heady about sitting in a bubbling spa next to a 200-foot-tall, 1,000-year-old redwood tree. Such rejuvenation!

Tearing ourselves from Dave and his enchanted house, we drove on through San Francisco and down to Santa Cruz, where we met another subscriber. Mike is a handsome, 67-year-old retiree who recently lost his lover of over 20 years. Like Howard in Fresno, his sparkling, friendly eyes masked the pain well, giving him a look of quiet dignity. His house was uncluttered, spotless. The grounds were well-manicured and ablaze with flowers. It was all the same as when his lover was alive. It was the way his lover had liked it. Later, as we had dinner, he told us that CR was his lifeline . . . and that he would seek someone to carry on with—that life was certainly worth living.

Moved by the fact that we had just acquired three new friends and enriched our lives in the process, we headed up through Gilroy, the garlic capital of the world. Finding a crazy, wonderful place called "Casa De Fruta," we purchased garlic jelly, pickled garlic, garlic stir-fry sauce and garlic mayonnaise. Having heard that even garlic ice cream is usually sold during the festival later in the summer, we asked a sales girl if any were left over from last year. She apparently thought we were crazy and stuck her tongue out in revulsion.

Meeting Interstate Five, we set the cruise control and settled down for a dull trip back to the Los Angeles area. We reminisced over the past five days, agreed about how lucky we are to have each other—how fortunate we are to know such wonderful men and to be in a position to help them.

And sure enough, the stack of mail was almost two feet high when we got back. And although Pat grumbled for five solid days as he struggled to catch up, he smiled and nodded when I told him that we would be mini-vacationing to Las Vegas in July, followed by Texas in August.

Anyone know of a cheap house and dog sitter?

THE FRIAR

LETTERS

Dear Pat and The Friar: I have just read RECOMPENSE FOR CLIFFORD PENDER (Feb 90 and April 90 issues) and found it thoroughly enjoyable. You managed to leave the issue of whether or not Clifford actually managed to call a demon a matter of interpretation for the reader. That was extremely clever and very well done. Maybe Clifford's revenge was the work of Sharru, maybe it was accomplished through some latent psychic talent activated by the drugs he was given or maybe it was simply a wild series of coincidences. The way Clifford's alcoholism was made a central issue in the story was also interesting. The whole process of his drying out began before he actually met Pluto, when he decided to get even with the people who'd been using him. The way I see it, it was this first step in assertive action that triggered the whole chain of events that led to his recovery. It means that ultimately everybody is in charge of their own life, and I find this a very positive message to convey in story form. All the best to you and all CR readers. JERYN/Paris

Dear CHIRON RISING: We do enjoy your publication, at least parts of it, and respect the opinions of you and your contributors. Might I suggest that you tone down your chummy, palsy-walsy comments about many of those whose photos, etc. appear in almost every issue? Maybe not so folksy! You are off to a good start and you do provide a forum, a service for the more mature, the heavier gents, and you do it in a very positive way. Please guard against letting any one group take control (i.e. the heavier set). Give something for everyone. Thanks for the reminder. Actually I was not sure if I wanted to renew but I'm supposed to see a friend of ours in your next issue. J.S./Fresno

Dear Pat and The Friar: How refreshing to see a magazine which exudes warmth, caring and old fashioned camaraderie. I love it the way you openly show admiration and respect for your contributors and subscribers—how you perfectly balance older with younger, thin with heavy. Blacks, whites, Latins, Orientals—everyone's invited! You're actually creating for all of us an atmosphere which breeds love and good will. What a network! You make the other rags look so cold and inimical in comparison. In spite of the fact that there are a couple of other magazines now which feature older men, you're still head and shoulders above them. Why? Because they seem to consider it a fetish to love older men. You treat the subject with much more insight and give it the dignity it deserves. Respectfully. O.A./Montreal

Dear Pat and The Friar: The June issue has made me wonder about the future of CR. I don't like seeing the younger set in CR, which has always featured the geriatric set. I'm starting to wonder what you are up to. Is there a change coming? I hope not. Also, I've noticed that there has been an increasing number of heavier or big men. Why don't you mix up your selections? Sexually, my preference has always been a thinner, healthier look. D.S./Florida

Dear Pat and The Friar: HOORAY for the June/July issue! Specifically, for the two pages of YOUNG LOVERS OF OLDER MEN. We older folk need a reminder now and then that, however rare, there *are* some younger guys out there that genuinely like older types. I don't think I need to remind you that vice is also versa! I wish I were qualified to write an article about the *problems* (and joys) of bridging the generation gap. I'm qualified to write about the problems (and suspect most of us are!), but can't say much about the joys, since for me there haven't been any. Being neither a Blake Carrington or any other "desirable" type, all I've gotten for my attempts is heartbreak and gold-diggers. Those (few) younger than I who've paid any attention to me have all cast me as a "Sugar-Daddy," when in fact I'm neither sugar *nor* daddy. Having plenty between my ears, and what it takes between my legs, but nothing else to recommend me, has not proven adequate for anyone yet . . . . But, hope springs eternal (hence the enclosed ad!) and for me, that hope got a mighty boost by the photos mentioned above. More! All the best. FIXIT/San Francisco.

Dear Pat and The Friar: Your magazine has improved tremendously. Thanks for that. I'm taking care of my lover, 43, who has AIDS. We've been together ten years. I'm 58, so have little time, so it seems. If you have others who are caring for lovers with AIDS—or who might want some support, please have them contact me. While heartbreaking, the experience has had a tremendous, positive impact in many ways. Very truly yours, Marvin B./Northern California.

Dear Pat and The Friar: Your readers may be interested in my experience: I am 67, very average-looking for my age, and aware that attractive young men are not readily available for sexual companionship for this senior citizen. Some time ago I met a young student who seemed very nice and I decided to approach him very directly. I explained that I don't have the time or the inclination to "court" him. I assumed he needed money and would like to establish a very simple relationship where he and I would get together regularly and he would take care of my needs. His first reaction almost amounted to horror: he would feel like a prostitute. I very calmly explained that no, it was just a matter of my needing the attention from time to time,

and he as a student certainly could use the money. The fee was to be $20, paid in cash, and I explained it would be about once a week, and I would not impose myself upon him in any other way. I assured him I would not think less of him for doing it. We started the relationship eight months ago, and he came by my office (I would just lock the door). The first few times it was exactly as agreed (and took about ten minutes). Then one day he asked if I would enjoy it more in bed at his apartment. Of course I would! After a couple of these meetings, he suggested I undress. I demurred and told him I would feel very self-conscious, so he suggested that he undress too (I had never seen him naked). Well, the rest in history. He finished school, has a good job, and we are lovers. He freely admits we would never have gotten together any other way, because he had always felt he would never become involved with an older man. This development is really not the point of this letter. My point really is that sometimes a financial arrangement instantly solves a need one might have, and it creates the opportunity for two people to get acquainted that would not be possible any other way. A.M./Florida

Dear Sirs: Being a retired Canadian living on these sun-blessed islands, I thought I should write to you and subscribe. I am grateful to a friend who gave my friend a copy of your magazine. He is German and although speaks English, doesn't read it. So it was my job to read the magazine to him and both of us had great joy to know that there was a mature magazine for mature people. Where I live is blessed both by good weather and European tourists. A high percentage of these are mature gays. Germans, British, Swedish, etc. You name the country; they come down here. On the island we have good, white, sandy, nude beaches (mixed) and a large area for nude gay beaches (total nudity if one wishes). The bars at the south of the island are superb. Visit all eleven of them (within 100 meters of each other) and you will find the one of your choice. Disco, quiet, chatty bars, German beer hall type—all gay. I have been retired here for 5 years and am 61 years young, 140#, 5'-7" and enjoy good music, food, friends. Anyone wishing more information feel free to write to me: Juan Braso, Calle Teguise 2, San Fernando de Maspalomas, 35100 Gran Canaria, España.

Dear Pat and The Friar: As usual, I enjoyed the latest edition of CR. I vacationed in New Orleans and New York City this May. Stopped at the GOOD FRIENDS BAR several times in New Orleans and had a ball (several). In New York, I stopped in at JOHNNY'S PUB and G &H CLUB. They are all you claim and then some. I'm glad things are going well with you both. It's great that readership and subscribers are mounting. I find no fault with the change in this issue. One must cut costs where possible. Pay no attention to those carping, small minds that bitch. They have nothing better to do. Take good care. G.A./ Florida.

Dear Pat and The Friar: I'd like to say I like the idea of color covers and if the cheaper paper helps keep costs in line, I can live with that. I feel the color gives CR a high class look. I did miss the better paper at first, but felt it was a change you needed to make. I liked the story by HAWFINCH best, but thought that the ones by ROYCE and BEN-DAVID were a pleasant read also—and well-edited too. I did look for and miss Marsh Cassady poetry, but I guess you can't get everything I like in one issue. You do have others to please. I really appreciate the articles by DR. JACK, KENN and WOODY, too. Thanks for all the effort you put into CR. Have a blue sky day. B.K./Minnesota

Dear Pat and The Friar: I am a white male, in my early 60s. I still work, am very active and have a large circle of friends. I am a monogamous-type person who had two long-term lovers in his life, both of which went full term. It was during a protracted hospitalization of my last lover—one which he was not expected to survive—that I broke my rules and succumbed to lust. I met three men in a two week period, all known to me, and one, a priest. One of them passed the herpes virus to me. I never approached them for fear of accusing the wrong one. I have lived with this problem for 10 years now, and it prevents me from forming any new relationship. I desperately need to talk to other men who understand or have my problem. Statistics say they are many, more than with AIDS, but certainly not as tragic. Perhaps we could form sort of a support group or become friends and help each other to live with this problem. I want understanding friends . . . and, oh, do I need a lover. BROKEN WING

[Editor's Note: If you have herpes and want to start a support group—or if you just want to lend support—please write BROKEN WING in care of CHIRON RISING.]

SOLO SEX:
ADVANCED TECHNIQUES FOR MEN

Learn to have multiple orgasms, psychic orgasms (without physical stimulation), maximum intensity and potency, altered sexual states and physical/mental health through ecstatic self-pleasuring. **No book like it—ever**, by recognized authority. Detailed instructions, illustrations, 208 pp, paperback. $12.95 plus $4 for shipping and handling to:
TECHNIQUES
3932-C Airport Blvd., Suite 123, Dept. CR,
Mobile, AL 36608.
Allow three weeks for delivery.

LATE BLOOMER JBD

PROFILES OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The following writers, artists, models and photographers are featured in this issue. You may write to any of them the same way you write to an advertiser with a codeword. Write your letter and stamp it with a 25 (US), 30 (Canada) or 45 (Overseas, per half ounce) cent stamp. ***In pencil****, in the center, write subject's name, then place the envelope inside another envelope and mail to us for forwarding.*

The latest drawings from **ABE** are so provocative that we have to save them for a special issue. They're that HOT! In this issue, we've used one of his slightly tamer pieces. ABE is 41, 5'-5", husky, muscular and masculine, and has recently moved to the Washington D.C. area from Montana.

ANTHONY II is a native Californian, living in Los Angeles. He's 34, 5'-9", 140#, with brown hair and brown eyes. He loves big moustaches, bears, hairy men, big men and older men. Loves the leather scene, has pierced nipples and has done a lot of modeling.

BARNEY is one fine-looking Louisiana boy with a smile as real as they come. Now 29, 6 feet and 185 pounds, Barney loves mature men over 40.

JOSEPH BEN-DAVID, 72, 5'-9-1/2" and 210#, is an exceptionally inventive and talented writer who resides in New York. He's had successful careers as a graphics designer, an exhibiting artist, and an antiques shop owner. A shy nature lover, Joseph seeks an affectionate friend who is a good scrabble player and an intelligent conversationalist—someone who understands the solace in tending a garden in view of the sea.

JOHN BLAYLOCK is a young Southern California artist in his early twenties. He always has his eyes open for his celluloid soldier of fortune. Maybe you're the one. He likes intelligent, sophisticated, middle-aged gentlemen with integrity and taste. Don't assume anything.

An ex-marketing director and fund raiser, **BO** is a 40-year-old San Franciscan who is interested in performing arts, pro-football/baseball, swimming, diving and gymnastics. He lives with his lover and business partner of five years.

C.C., a New Yorker of Sicilian extraction, is an engineer who missed his calling as a chef. His spaghetti sauce is to maim for. He lives in upstate New York with his lover of 25 years. The photo in this issue was taken through sagebrush as he was hiking nude in the mountains of the Mojave Desert.

THE COLONEL is the big, brawny, hairy, bull-balled lover of KENT JUSTICE. He's Kent's favorite model too. This MAN is quiet and very masculine and, when he says something, everyone listens. See the profile on KENT JUSTICE.

The poet **CROTUS** is a senior who lives in Southern California. A genuine, powerful master, he's looking for a serious bottom. Since we have promised to guard his identity with our lives, suffice it to say that he is quite prominent in a field you would never expect.

EX-LOGGER was our very first undisguised model. This delectable man's man opened the flood gates when no senior was brave enough to bear it all to the world. All of us owe him, because it really was a stalemate back there in 1986. EX-LOGGER lives with his younger lover in the deep woods of the Great Northwest.

None other than the inspiration for the creation of this publication, **THE FRIAR** is the publisher/editor's 69-year-old lover and BIG BOSS of CHIRON RISING. Subscribers who come by to meet your publisher/editor usually leave, madly in love with him. Shy, yet photogenic, THE FRIAR reluctantly allows his photos to appear from time to time....to enthusiastic applause.

Residing in Ft. Lauderdale where he operates his own company called WAYNESART, **WAYNE HAMPTON** is a distinguished sculptor, photographer and videographer. Known for his exquisite, realistic sculptures of the male nude, he has become a leading proponent of art for the gay community. Those interested in his creations may receive his brochure by sending $3 to WAYNESART, 900 S. Andrews Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316.

From the Pacific Northwest, we present **HEART**, a 56-year-old, 5'-7", 185# prize who is looking for Greek active Mr. Right, preferably over 55. He's the real thing and will not be single for long.

Model **JARED** is 57, 6'-0", 200#, with blue eyes and blond hair. A distinguished international corporate executive, he has visited 89 countries and has friends all over the world. He enjoys meeting men 20 to 40.

IRONWORKER is 60ish, built like a brick outhouse and sexy as hell. He drove 'em wild at the Best Friends bar during the 1989 Mardi Gras and rumor has it that he shook them up worse in 1990. When he enters the room, jaws drop. He's single but prefers to play the field for now. He makes his home in Los Angeles. For the record, he's not a retired contractor like we said before. He's an ex hard crome plater and meatpacker.

KENT JUSTICE is a bright, handsome, 40-year-old artist/ photographer/videographer, who lives along the Gulf Coast with his model partner, THE COLONEL. KENT and THE COLONEL have been with us from the beginning and have supplied us with countless subscribers, as well as an inexhaustible treasury of fantastic photographs.

A potter and a teacher, **KORV** comes to us from Southern California. He's 5'-10", 190#, clean, HIV negative, honest, sincere, an Aries and of Swedish descent. He enjoys classical music, gourmet cooking

and travel. Most of all, this senior is single!

W. BRUCE LEE is a San Francisco tattoo artist who is known for his exotic depictions of powerful men and their animal friends. URSUS MINOR has graciously allowed us to publish his collection of LEE's works.

A real Italian living in Brooklyn, **LEN** is a young 63, 5'-9" and 165#. He enjoys hairy, bearded bears, 40+, and is interested in cuddling and spending quiet romantic nights at home, listening to music. He seeks a buddy or more—national or international.

LONESOME COWBOY, 62, is 6 ft, 160#, cultured, domestic and sexually versatile. He seeks a tall, lean, masculine, well hung, authoritative gentleman over 60.

MICHAEL is a handsome, hairy, 47-year-old hot property who lives in the country east of San Francisco. This superbly constructed specimen likes men over 50 who are NOT skinny and are THICK in the crotch.

From New Jersey hails poet **M.S. MONTGOMERY**, who has published gay sonnets in BAY WINDOWS, DEVIANCE, FIRST HAND and RFD. His works will move and perhaps stun you.

NEAL and **JOSEPH** are just good friends and very interested in hearing from admirers. NEAL (on the left) is a father of two, grandfather of four and retired social worker who lives in Cleveland. JOSEPH is a retired counsellor-educator who has been an Albany, New York gay activist since 1970. He helped form three local lesbian/gay organizations and four continent-wide groups. Photographer **A. SHEA** is a 29-year-old androgenous beauty who lives with his lover in Cleveland and especially enjoys photographing older, chunky men.

NO WRINKLES is a Bigman senior from Southern Florida and is rather shy, according to his photographer, our model C.J. We're not sure, but we think he likes mature partners and assume that he would like to correspond, since he's single.

QUETZAL has been with us from the very beginning and has contributed a massive amount of cartoons to the cause. The description "prolific" doesn't do him justice. QUETZAL and his dynamic model/actor lover, PLOVER, reside in West Hollywood.

West Texas born and bred, **R.L.** is a 36-year-old artist who loves music, gardening and spirituality. He welcomes correspondence from older men. It gets lonely out there in the quiet oil patch.

RADER is 30 and has always been into older men. His spouse is 45. A professional artist in the Saturday morning cartoon biz, he's successfully crossed over into the erotic genre, having been published in DRUMMER, I.T., The ADVOCATE and FIRST HAND. Look for his illustrated novel collaboration with P.H. Colley in CR's upcoming NOVEMBER SPECIAL.

Like RADER, **RAM** is considered one of the best erotic artists in the world today. This highly celebrated professional artist is 50 and lives in the Midwest with his 70-year-old lover. A regular contributor since 1986, RAM came to our rescue when we were frantically looking for the kind of artwork that would give us respectability. He gave us a powerful shot of prestige and we will be forever grateful.

WAYNE HAMPTON's newest model, **RICHARD**, is a Southern California man who's just wild about customized and restored vintage cars. RICHARD likes mature, beefy types.

KENN RICHIE is one of the finest and most prolific fiction writers in gay erotica today, and many are saying that he "wrote the book." This Los Angeles senior is an award-winning playwright and has written an amazing number of screenplays which went on to become movies. His heart is with us, however. A powerfully insightful man, he is one of our best supporters and gives us exclusive rights to possibly his most important works: his outstanding opinion pieces.

SAMN is a 6', 165#, 48-year-old actor/dancer/teacher with aqua eyes. Attracted to younger men, especially blue-eyed blonds, this Marylander tends to be rather kinky.

New poet, **F.R.M. SCHRAM**, lives in San Diego. He has been writing poetry for years and has recently had poems published in THE ARCHER and RFD. The evocative, prose-like poem featured in this issue is in free verse.

REED SCOTT is an excellent photographer with a seemingly unlimited portfolio. He's 36, 5'-10", 190#, with green eyes and a very impressive background. He lives in Los Angeles with his younger lover.

A 61-year-old Leatherman from San Francisco, **SEAN II** is "damned" (blessed?) with a libido which places his equipment in a unremitting state of alert. Sean is interested in meeting men, 35-50, who are into sensuous, slightly kinky sex play.

SUCCUBUS lives in the San Francisco Bay area and is described in his story published in this issue. His ideal is dominant, macho, older, taller, bigger, longer and thicker . . . and, yes, he's still seeking his "Harry."

THE WILD HARE is a Florida senior who has a great sense of humor. He says that he's lived in Florida for 40 years and still loves all sports, especially the nice, chubby ones. The last time we published his photo, he doubted anyone would write to a heavy guy. He got buried with fan mail!

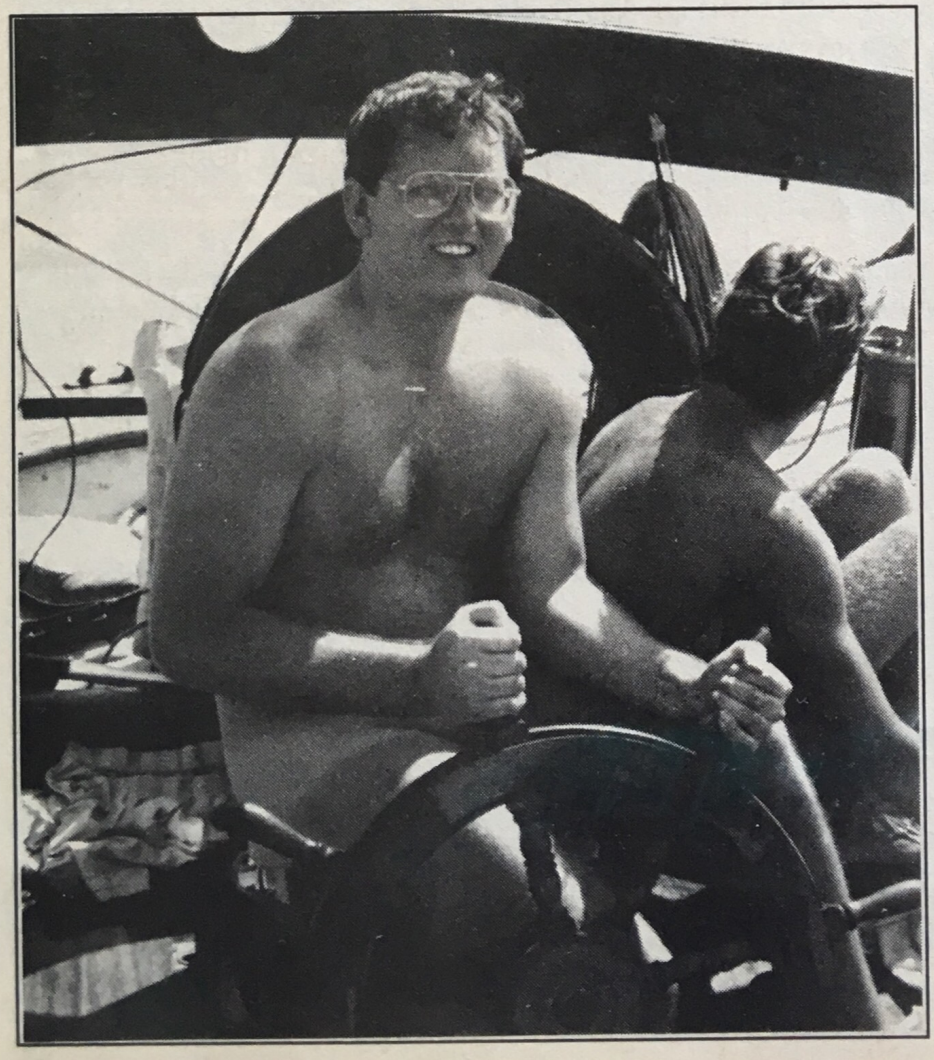
CHELSEA WILLIAMS is an outstanding professional photographer living in San Francisco. He is seeking mature men for models.

JASON P. WILLIAMS (aka "Jaypee") is the pseudonym of a well known writer/artist whose career in gay erotica has been enhanced artistically, if not financially, by his contributions to C-R. Jason furnishes

(Continued on page 13)

JOHN
BLAYLOCK

a self
portrait



BO

photo by
SIMBA

ORGANIZATIONS, ESTABLISHMENTS AND PUBLICATIONS OF INTEREST TO CR READERS

The names of the following were brought to our attention as being of interest to C-R Readers. They are featured herewith as a public service. All welcome or seek the patronage of older men and their admirers. Please write us regarding changes or proposed additions.

BELGIUM

LE DINANT
41 place de Dinant
Brussels
Sauna

CALIFORNIA

AFFILIATED BIGMEN'S CLUBS
584 Castro St., Suite 139S
San Francisco, CA 94114
National BigMen's Clubs HQ

BC/SW
P.O. Box 1501
Pomona, CA 91769
Communications network for men of all ages who are into balls. Publishes quarterly newsletter, which contains stories, articles, photos, drawings and personal ads.

BEAR MAGAZINE
COA
2215R Market St. #148
San Francisco, CA 94114
Magazine for men who like masculine, hairy men. Many of BEAR's models are older.

BLK
Box 83912-C
Los Angeles, CA 90083-0912
National black gay magazine.

CENTER 55
2025 E. 10TH ST.
LONG BEACH 90804
(213) 434-3089
Support/discussion group for senior gays and lesbians.

G40 PLUS CLUB
P.O. Box 6741
San Francisco, CA 94101
(415) 552-1997
Social club for men and women over 40.

GALAXY
P.O. Box 26197
San Francisco, CA 94126
(415) 861-4785
Gay and Lesbian Accommodations for the Experienced in Years . Retirement center trust .

GIRTH & MIRTH
LOS ANGELES
P.O. Box 19520
Los Angeles, CA 90019
Big Men's Club

GIRTH & MIRTH
SAN FRANCISCO
P.O. Box 528
San Francisco, CA 94101-0528
Big Men's Club

GLOE
1853 Market St.
San Francisco, CA 94103
Gay and Lesbian Outreach to Elders . Senior social services organization which offers—among other things— support to newly bereaved senior men.

GOLDEN GATE CONNECTION
P.O. Box 2328
Daly City, CA 94017-2328
Big Men's Club

MR. MIKE'S
Los Feliz, near Glenfeliz
Los Angeles
Bar

NCGA
P.O. Box 2866
Vista, CA 92083
North County Gay Association . A social organization.

ROMAN HOLIDAY HEALTH CLUB
14435 Victory Blvd. - Van Nuys
Spa/Sauna/Massage.

SAGE OF CALIFORNIA, INC.
P.O. Box 4071
San Diego, CA 92104
Seniors Active in a Gay Environment . Social services organization for senior gays and lesbians.

SSGLC-PROJECT RAINBOW
255 W. Hill St. #410
Los Angeles, CA 90012
(213) 621-3180
Society for Senior Gay and Lesbian Citizens. Social services organization for senior gays and lesbians.

WHITE SWALLOW
Polk Street near Clay
San Francisco
Bar

THE VULCAN STEAM AND SAUNA
805 W. Cedar St.
San Diego

THE BIG AD
44 Monterey Blvd., Box 38
San Francisco, CA 94131
A positive personals publication for the full-framed man and his admirers.

HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS
P.O. Box 369
Monte Rio, CA 95462
(707) 632-5571
Isolated, secluded and quiet bed and breakfast house in a redwood forest near the Russian River (40 minutes from San Francisco).

GLORIA'S
Palm Canyon near Racquet Club
Palm Springs
Bar and Restaurant

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

GIRTH & MIRTH D.C.
P.O. Box 44814
Falls Church, VA 22044
Big Men's Club

ENGLAND

CITY OF QUEBEC
Marble Arch
London
The back bar.

FLORIDA

CHUBBIES & CHASERS CLUB
P.O. Box 6494
Delray Beach, FL 33484
Big Men's Club

NORTHERN FLORIDA BEARHUNTERS
P.O. Box 5958
Jacksonville, FL 32247
Big Men's Club

GEORGIE'S
On Sunrise
Ft. Lauderdale
Bar

THE PALMS
2209 Wilton Dr.
Ft. Lauderdale
Bar and Restaurant

FRANCE

AMIGROS
c/o C. SEUNG
2èmé Avenue 12
Le Chapeau Vert
94250 Gentilly, FRANCE

Big Men's Club

LE BAINS D'ODESSA
5 rue d'Odessa
Paris 4
Sauna

LE VAGABOND
14 rue Thérèse
Paris I
Bar/Restaurant

GAIS RETRAITES
(aka L.G.R.)
Boite postale No. 15
92114 Clichy Cedex
France
Social and support group for older gay men.

EURO MEN'S CLUB
8,.10 rue St. Marc
75002 Paris
Sauna

GERMANY
CLUB AMSTERDAM
Waidmannstrasse 31
Frankfurt
Sauna

CLUB SIEBEN
Munich
Bar

THE TEDDY BEAR
Munich
Bar

SAUNA VULCANO
Marienplatz 3-5
Köln

BAR MYLORD
Muhlenbach 57
Köln

BAR ZILLE
Pipinstrasse
Köln

HOLLAND
OUD ROZE
Harry Vroon
't Kofschip 55,
3904 RM Veenendaal
Dutch contact club for men 40 and over.

ILLINOIS
GENTRY
Rush Street near Ontario
Chicago
Bar

GIRTH & MIRTH
CHICAGO
P.O. Box 14384
Chicago, IL 60614
Big Men's Club

COMPANY
2683 N. Halsted
Chicago
Bar

IRELAND
THE GEORGE
George Street
Dublin
Bar

JAPAN
SNACK POPLAR
2-12-1 Shinjuku
Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo 160
Tel: (03) 350-6929
Bar catering to heavyset men. Sign is in Japanese, so call for instructions.

LOUISIANA
THE COUNTRY EXCHANGE
P.O. Box 381
Sibley, LA 71073
Magazine for country and rural men—many older.

GOOD FRIENDS BAR
St. Anne at Dauphine
New Orleans
The Mardi Gras hangout for mature types.

MASSACHUSETTS
GIRTH & MIRTH NEW ENGLAND
P.O. Box 6041
Boston, MA 02209
Big Men's Club

PRIME TIMERS
Mr. Mark Nichols
120 W. Concord St.
Boston, MA 02118
Organization for older gay and bi men and admirers.

MICHIGAN
GIRTH & MIRTH
DETROIT
P.O. Box 39523
Redford, MI 48239
Big Men's Club

MINNESOTA
HOLIDAY BULLETIN
Box 1208
Minneapolis, MN 55458
Contact club for older men and their admirers.

NEW JERSEY
NORTHEAST DIRECTORY
Dept. A, Box 2357
Princeton, NJ 08543
Contact club for men 40 and over from Maine to D.C.

[Note: The publication listed here in the last issue has been withdrawn. Their publisher advises that a substantial amount of letters received due to the publicity were thrown away because there was no S.A.S.E enclosed. We regret any inconvenience.]

NEW YORK
G & H CLUB
353 E. 53 St.
Manhattan
Bar

GIRTH & MIRTH
NEW YORK
P.O. Box 10
Pelham, NY 10803-0010
Big Men's Club

JOHNNY'S PUB
Lexington, between 47th and 48th
Manhattan
Bar

PRIME TIMERS - NEW YORK METRO AREA CHAPTER
P.O. Box 291, Midtown Sta.
New York, NY 10018
Organization for older gay and bi men and admirers.

SAGE
208 W. 13th St.
New York, NY 10011
(212) 741-2247
Senior Action in a Gay Environment, Inc. Social services organization for senior gays and lesbians.

T.L.B.
P.O. Box 3541
Poughkeepsie, NY 12603
The Loving Brotherhood. An international fraternity for mature, professional men.

SWITZERLAND
ALEXANDER SAUNA
near central station
Zurich
Sauna

BARFUSSER
near Niederdorfstrasse
Zurich
Bar

TENNESSEE
RFD
P.O. Box 68
Liberty, TN 37095
A reader-written journal for gay men which focuses on country livng and alternative life-styles.

TEXAS
BRIARPATCH
Greenbriar & Holcombe
Houston
Bar

METROPLEX PRIME TIMERS
P.O. Box 2878
Dallas, TX 75221
Organization for older gay and bi men and their admirers. Meetings second Sunday of month.

PRIME TIMERS - AUSTIN AREA CHAPTER
Woody Baldwin
P.O. Box 436
Manchaca, TX 78652
Organization for older gay and bi men and their admirers. Meetings first Sunday of month.

THE HIDEAWAY
Dallas
Bar

WASHINGTON
NORTHWEST CHUBBIES
P.O. Box 9935
Seattle, WA 98109
Big Men's Club

MATURE FRIENDS
P.O. Box 30575
Seattle, WA 98103
(206) 781-0228
For individuals over 50 and their friends.

[Editor's Advice: The best time for meeting older men in saunas, theaters or book stores is between 10 am and early afternoon.]

PROFILES

(Continued from page 9)

most of the current gay publications with highly unusual, erotic fiction as well as an occasional drawing. Under his real name he is an internationally famous chubby chaser and lives in New York with his hunk of a lover of twenty years.

XYLOPHANG, a 50ish iconoclast from San Francisco, is the publisher of a prize-winning, Pacific Rim trade magazine. Since his job requires anonymity, he dreamt up this bizarre byline, which no one can pronounce, let alone spell (it's meaningless as well). We appreciate his insightful (and inciteful) commentary, however, and hope he stays with us forever.

BOOKSTORES WHICH SELLCHIRON RISING

U.S.

A Brother's Touch, Minneapolis
A Different Light, Los Angeles
A Different Light, New York
A Different Light, San Francisco
Beyond the Closet, Seattle
Category Six, Denver
Chosen Books, Royal Oaks, MI
F Street Books, San Diego
Glad Day, Boston
Giovanni's Room, Philadelphia
Jay's Bookstall, Pittsburgh
Lambda Rising, Washington
Lobo/After Dark, Dallas
Mustang Books, Upland, CA
People Like Us, Chicago
Speedway Books, Tucson

EUROPE

Boekhandel Vrolijk, Amsterdam
The Bronx, Amsterdam
French Art, Paris
Intermale, Amsterdam
Lavendelschwert, Koln
Mannerschwarm, Hamburg
Prinz Eisenherz, Berlin

MAIL ORDER WORLD-WIDE

Acolyte Press Distribution
P.O. Box 12731, NL 1100
AS Amsterdam,
THE NETHERLANDS

NOTICE:

Please be aware of a continuing problem with the U.S. Postal Service. First class mail from Los Angeles to New York usually takes less than five days, but some parcels have been known to take six weeks AND EVEN LONGER! Our major mailings (regular issues with computer-printed labels) are completed by the last week of the month preceding the issue month. With normal delivery, you should receive your issue no later than the end of the first week of the issue month. If you do not, please don't assume that it is our fault and write us for another copy. Instead, we ask that you be patient and wait at least three weeks.

More and more we hear of the receipt of mutilated envelopes and improperly handled mail. In any given month, tens of magazines get returned to us marked RETURN TO SENDER, followed by NOT AT THIS ADDRESS, or MOVED—LEFT NO FORWARDING ADDRESS, or BOX CLOSED. In most cases, the address was accurate, but the return was in error. Post office errors and delays cost us hundreds of dollars a year and are NOT passed on to you.

Please help us by complaining to your post master whenever your mail is delayed, mutilated or lost. Remind them that they work for the U.S. Postal *SERVICE*.

QUICK QUIZ

(Answers on page 34)

1. Why did President Bush turn down an invitation to speak before the AIDS Conference in San Francisco the week of June 17th?

a. He was having lip surgery.

b. He was attending a fund raiser for Jesse Helms.

c. He was meeting with a special task force assigned to track down the evasive "thousand points of light."

2. Which is <u>not</u> a major cardiovascular risk factor?

a. High blood pressure.
b. Smoking.
c. Obesity.
d. High cholesterol.
e. Uncontrolled diabetes.

R I C H A R D

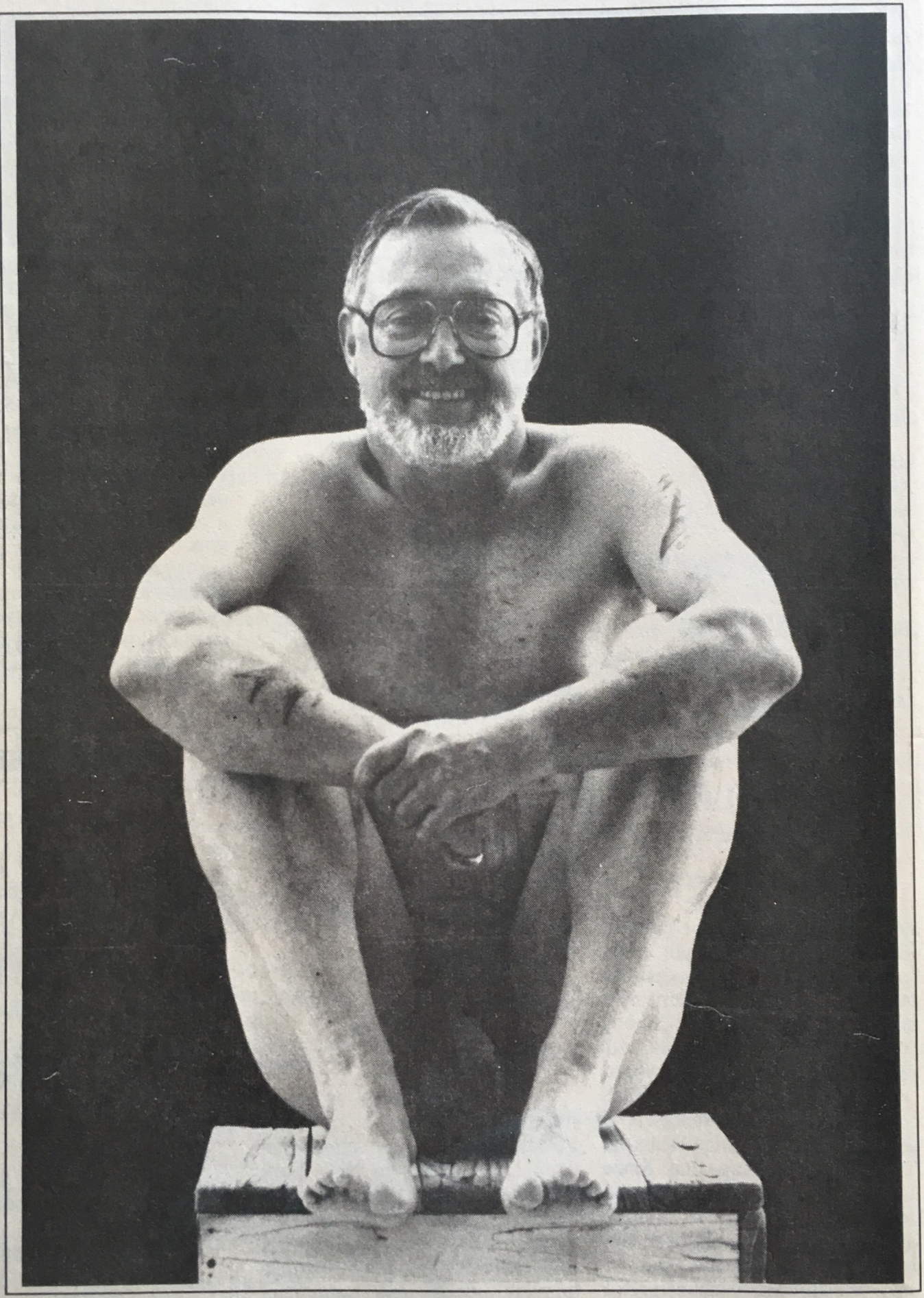


photo by WAYNE HAMPTON

THE POETRY OF CROTUS

The P.S.

The tall red glads
Reflected in glass
Recessed in brick,
Reflected again in glass
Far-removed, give
Dignity to piss-elegance
And charm to postured whoring.
Red glads are the blood
Of martyrs to tense gonads
And endless
Transient nights.

The New Bell

Kelsey loud, with
Or without Pure Trash;
Mock gaslight chandeliers
Swinging to "San Francisco":
The New Bell quakes on
Lively evenings. On quiet
Ones the faithful talk.
It's a place to meet
Agreeable people:
Lutheran clergy,
German engineers,
Plastered blue-bloods—
All of them good fucks.

THE SONNETS OF M.S. MONTGOMERY

Memory

We met in Italy in '44
and never parted for a month or so.
I recollect quite well the dazzling shore
we sunned on, how we'd innocently go
between two dunes and share our virgin lust,
and taut with ardor, forceful and robust
with youth. Then orders came, and as we trekked
a German bullet hit him in the chest.
I held him in my arms, and there he died.
They said I wept—I don't retain the rest—
just how he smiled at me, rapt, open-eyed.
It doesn't matter now, but all the same
I wish I could recall my lover's name.

"Ugly"

I hardly noticed how it came to be,
but any standard youth could comprehend
would rate me ugly now. I plainly see
that any little meal will quite distend
my belly past my forty-incher slacks.
My pate is naked as my shiny shins;
my face is wrinkled and my muscles lax
and toneless; facial hair now hides my chins.
Despite all this, I find I don't repel
him in the dark; our sex life isn't bad.
Yet sometimes, from his looks, I still can tell
that he regrets the loss of what I had
and yearns to dump me for a younger thrill;
but, after forty years, I doubt he will.

THE POETRY OF J.P. WILLIAMS

Men who are softies, with hearts on their sleeves,
Will all suffer badly, or worse, I believe,
Unless they find succor,
With me and George Cukor,
By watching old reruns of *All About Eve*.

I usually
dislike Haiku because it's
so hai-falutin'

The Big AD

A Positive Personals Publication
for the Full Framed Man
& His Admirer
For Information - S.A.S.E.
or $3.00 for current issue
44 Monterey Blvd., Box 38
San Francisco, CA 94131

THE POETRY OF F.R.M. SCHRAM

SOME DAYS TELL US MORE THAN WE WANT TO KNOW

We were invited to Saturday lunch with my old boy friend, who seemed anxious for us to come and see his garden. It was a lush creation, with fruit trees on every available parcel of the lot, the trees producing more fruit than any one person could consume. When asked what he did with all the crops, he nonchalantly said that he kept them all.

He was much older than me. When we had an affair a few years ago, he helped me through a difficult time by lending me a sympathetic ear when I needed someone to talk to; he shared his body with me when I needed sex. Some days I just had to have it, and he was always available.

He had been looking for a young lover. I was a candidate to replace a roommate who had ceased to be his lover years before and had evolved into being barely a friend. In those days he always talked of how he wanted to break out and start anew. He wanted to keep me for himself, like one of his crops. Though I liked him, I did not love him; he was someone who was willing to go to bed with me on my terms. I used his body to learn about my own, and he used my body to harvest some youth.

When we arrived, we found his former lover and friend had moved out to a squalid room downtown. But my dear Burt still talked of what he should do with his life, what he would like to do, and—because he has done nothing except to tend his fruit trees—he felt guilty about his inaction.

The meal was tasty, the conversation lively, and when it came time to go he seemed sad. Was he sorry we had to leave, or did he regret we ever came?

I sat there and saw a man growing old, not knowing how to say no to death, a person whose mistake was made years before when he drifted into the comfort of an inheritance and surrendered to his garden, never having learned that one lives only by refusing to die.

Later that evening we went to a potluck picnic party. The attendees were saccharined and vanilla-ed men in their late 20s and 30s who thought they were still 18. Their hairs were greased and fluffed, their clothes were pretty and oh so gay. When they walked they swished, and when they stooped their knees snapped together like someone just yanked a loop around their legs.

They were the kind of pretty boys who could go up to anyone at a party and introduce themselves, but once names were exchanged, nothing else was forthcoming because all they knew were pretty clothes, smart shoes, the disco, and where to have their hair done.

They were males who somehow felt they had to be coy and fem. Each was bored, and didn't know how to stop being bored except by endlessly repeating clichés, which he hoped someone eventually would hear and respond to by giving him a phone number.

As we sat there and wondered just what we were doing there, one of the fluffiest queens, who had been eyeing the both of us since we arrived, came over and asked without any preliminaries, "Are you two lovers?" No one had ever said that to me, and I found myself snapping back with some pride, "Yes, we are lovers!" "Oh, how wonderful. How long have you been together? [Did he think we predated his birth?] I've been together with Sid for over six years. It's the only way to be these days." It occurred to me, that though the knee-snapping, hair-primped Anthony appeared vacuous, he knew at least how to stay alive.

When we could take no more, we fled and went to BJ's, a western bar. After the ennui of old age and the boredom of effete youth, the costumed masculinity of the urban cowboys was a breath of fresh air.

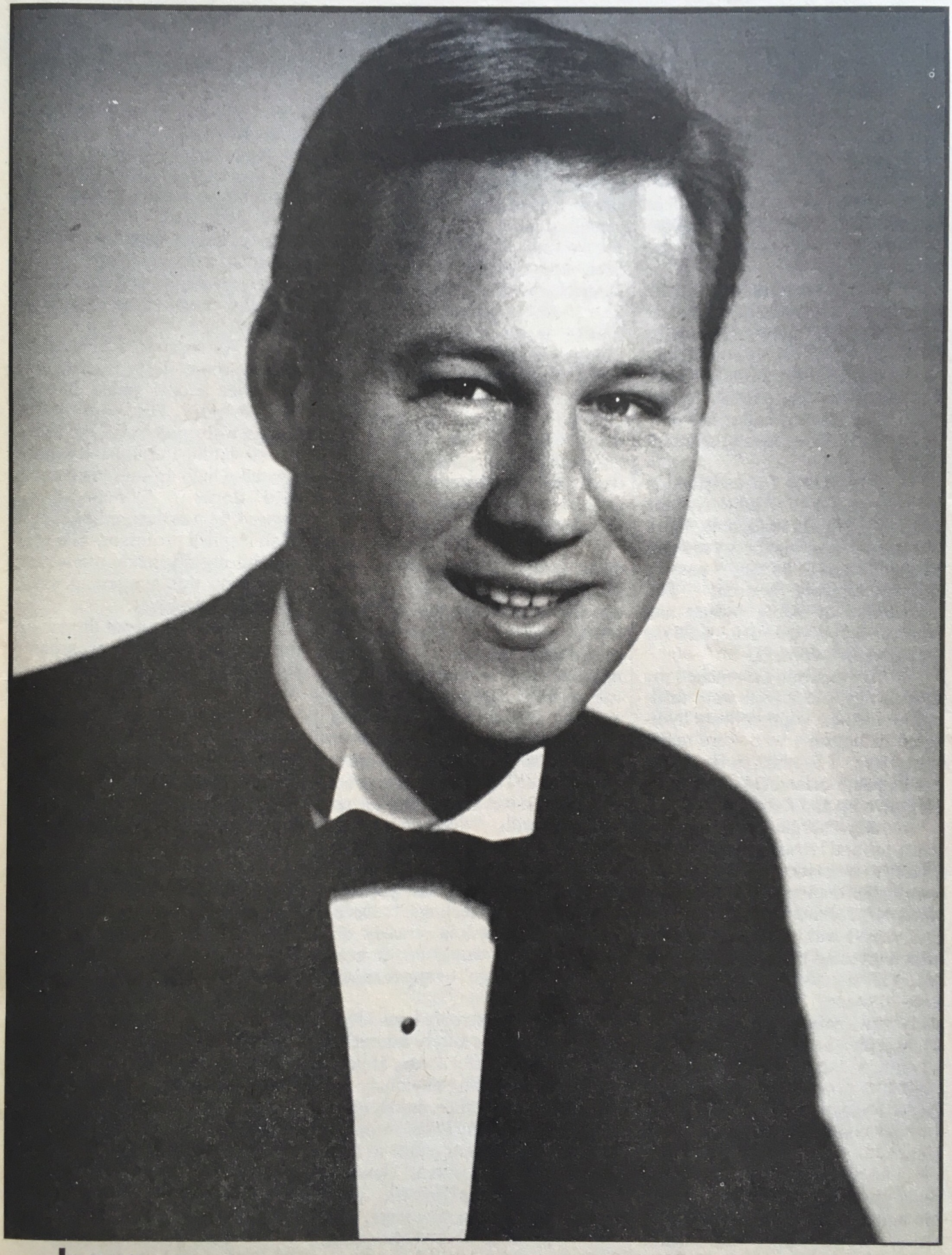
They were people who enjoyed each other. They were guys who enjoyed themselves. They were men. They were male. They were not "gay," they were Homosexual!

There was an honesty and forthrightness about their dancing, their stomping, their holding, their laughing. When they said, "Bull Shit!" you knew that they had life by the balls. I found myself wishing I could dance.

We watched and tapped our feet to the music until fatigue sent us home to sleep.

The next morning I awoke to an empty bed; my lover was already up. I laid there thinking about what I had seen the day before—a past with no future, a future with no past, and a present that was of the moment. I felt glad I was me.

When my lover came in to see if I was awake, I hugged him. I felt so good. When he shed his robe and climbed into bed, we held each other, entangled our limbs, and let the strength of being male flow to each other. I just wanted to hold him, to savor the moment; but sex seemed to be right then, the only way that we could affirm to life that we are.



barney

photo by TCS

THE DAY I MET HARRY . . . Fiction by SUCCUBUS

Since childhood, I've felt sexually inadequate as a man. I've known that my place in life was to admire and service *real men*. In my late teens, I moved to San Francisco, where there was no problem finding older men who wished to dominate me and use my body for their pleasure.

But as I grew older, even the most macho men would, sooner or later, display a submissive side to their nature. This was completely unacceptable to my needs, and I lost all respect and desire for such partners. As a result, I had many one-night stands but no lasting relationships.

My search for satisfaction led me into S&M. I didn't find the whipping or pain enjoyable, but it was worth enduring for my reward: being allowed to be totally passive and exclusively bottom. The knowledge of being owned and controlled by a virile man made me feel alive and content.

By the time I'd reached my mid-forties, older men were difficult to locate. Topmen were interested in bottoms who were under thirty-five. I became so frustrated in this youth-orientated world that I just gave up and lived as a recluse.

My energies were devoted to my job and I rose up the corporate ladder to a position where all I did was make decisions. I craved to have all decisions made for me, and, here I was, making decisions which affected thousands of workers. I let my body go to pot. Why keep in shape? The pretense of my daily life drained me of any personal pride. I still had a full head of silver hair, but my 6'-1" frame carried 220 pounds of soft, pliable flesh. I had entered my mid-fifties and my waist had expanded to 46 inches.

I calculated my savings and early retirement benefits, quit my job and set out to find a Daddy to serve. My first stop was an adult book shop, where, after plowing through thousands of pictures showing plastic, look-alike, young studs, I discovered CHIRON RISING. After more than ten years of celibacy, suddenly I was a born-again virgin who had found the *promised land*. I really didn't expect to find a lover. I would have been happy to just find a friend with whom I could be myself.

An advertisement caught my eye. It was tasteful and concise. The gentleman was slightly older, about my height, and sought a monogamous, live-in partner. He claimed to possess a large endowment, which he wished to put to good use. The problem was that he lived half a continent away. I procrastinated for weeks before responding.

We corresponded and spoke on the telephone for several months. He was a college instructor and his letters reflected that. My letters were full of hints about my sexual nature and how I could submit to his will in every facet of our life together. His were very proper and full of day-to-day activities. Sex wasn't discussed except to state that he'd never had a desire to be a bottom. I spilled my guts about my submissive nature and he responded with, "Your letter was both very warm and caring. I'm pleased you are open and frank," and "Glad you feel that you can show your true feelings." Occasionally, he threw in remarks declaring that he would be "in control" or "in charge" of any relationship he entered.

But he did reply to *all* of my letters, so he was surely interested in what I had to offer a man. He saw my picture and was obviously not repulsed. His picture, on the other hand, portrayed my ideal. Atop the firm, erect body was a face to fear, with piercing, blue eyes. The only hair above his neckline was a demonic moustache and goatee. His ears even came to a slight point. Here was a man I could worship.

Not wanting to be aggressive, I was content to wait for him to request a meeting. At long last, he suggested that it was time we met face-to-face. I was invited to be his house guest. Arrangements were made and, almost before I knew it, the airplane was landing. The cold sweat which drenched me was due to much more than my fear of flying. I was about to meet my destiny!

As soon as I entered the waiting room, I recognized him. All other people paled into the background. His commanding presence seemed to fill the lobby. Sun streaming through the window created a halo around his smooth, bald dome. Conservatively dressed, he was the implicit picture of an English professor. His bearing and dignity made me wonder again why this gentleman would want me for a lover.

His gaze swept the incoming passengers and our eyes met. A sly, embarrassed smile touched my lips. His face lit up in a huge grin as he strode toward me. His member, bouncing against his leg, was there for all to see. My heart filled with pride and gratitude. He had come without underwear to impress me, and, believe me, I was impressed!

The next thing I knew he was pumping my hand, welcoming me to Wichita, taking my bag and guiding me to his car. In a daze over the sheer magnitude of this man, I tried to make all the proper responses, but I stumbled over my words and felt totally confused. Somehow, I found myself in his car with my luggage stored in the trunk, being taken to his house.

As we merged onto the freeway, I tentatively placed my left hand, palm down, on his knee. Immediately, he covered my hand with his, gave a slight squeeze, and shifted my hand a few inches to lay on his upper leg. He returned both his hands to the steering wheel for

the balance of the fifty-mile trip. My hand remained lightly resting on his thigh throughout the journey. As he drove, the play of his muscles—flexing and contracting—gave me a raging erection. For once, I was grateful I had a small penis and an overhanging belly. He remained unaware of my excitement.

Our conversation during the trip was rather mundane and gave no sign of what the night would bring.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

"Not really . . . . I ate on the plane."

"Have a nice flight?"

"No problems, but I do feel hot and sticky."

"We'll get you home and cleaned up. Then we can get better acquainted over a nice relaxing drink."

It was twilight as we turned into the driveway of a charming Tudor house surrounded by lush vegetation. "This is a perfect house for a professor," I remarked.

"Thank you," he answered. "Let's get you inside."

Suddenly he seemed all business. He parked, hustled me out of the car, grabbed my suitcase from the trunk and propelled me through the house. The fleeting glimpse I got of the living room showed an ordinary room in a relaxed, comfortable style. The walls were *not* covered with pictures of nude, young boys and I saw no Satanic alters. Its neat, homey decor was as dignified as its owner.

"Follow me!" His conversational manner had assumed a more authoritative quality. "I'll show you our bedroom."

With "*our* bedroom" ringing in my ears, I went meekly. The bedroom was not remarkable. Sparsely furnished and without clutter, it had a king-size bed, night stands, two dressers and a chair in the corner. There were no lurid pictures or hooks in the ceiling for the suspension of bodies.

"Unpack your things. You can use this side of the closet and this dresser drawer. Just slide your luggage under the bed," he snapped, pointing at the subject areas.

Without thinking, I answered, "Yes, sir!" and saw a small twitch of his moustache as he smiled. I also felt a twitch in my groin area.

He continued. "There's a glass in the bathroom for your dentures. Put them in to soak, take a shower and freshen up from your trip. When you finish, come into the parlor for your drink. Leave your teeth in the bathroom and your clothes in the bedroom. Understand?"

"Yes, sir!" I shot back.

This time, he smirked. "By the way, what do you want to drink?"

"Vodka with whatever . . . if you have it."

"I have anything and everything you'll ever want or need," he mumbled as he turned and left.

Hurrying, I followed his instructions. My head was spinning in anticipation and my excitement was building. I entered the living room totally nude and somewhat self-conscious. My large testicles swung below my small, flaccid penis. Night had fallen and the only light in the room was from a reading lamp above the high-back easy chair. Soft music came from a stereo next to the wall. He sat, still dressed, his hands resting on the chair arms and his legs spread wide. He had an air of patiently waiting for something that would, without a doubt, happen.

"Stop!" he exclaimed before I was half way across the room. "Turn around and let me have a look at you."

Feeling like a bug under a microscope, I began turning slowly for his inspection.

"Much better than I expected," he said. "I'm pleased."

Blood rushed to my face and my heart seemed to swell in gratitude. This wonderful, virile man had found me acceptable for his use and pleasure.

He motioned with his hand. "Your drink is on the end table. Relax and let's get to know each other better."

Looking at where he indicated, I saw a tall, clear drink. Since the drink was positioned as far from him as possible, I wondered if he were testing me.

No way, José. I picked up the glass and proceeded to sit on the floor between his legs. As I leaned my back against the chair, my head brushed his inner thigh.

His hand patted my head and he whispered, "Good boy."

We sat silently listening to the music and sipping our drinks. I rubbed my cheek against his leg and slipped my hand up his trousers to caress his hairy calf and the inside of his knee. In return, his fingers brushed my face, tickled my ear and played with my thick hair.

After about twenty minutes had passed, he spoke very slowly in a low, deep voice: "Listen very carefully. You are to do *exactly* as I say. You will not hesitate or say a word." A slight pause followed to allow this to sink in, then he said, "Place your glass on the coffee table."

I obeyed.

"Good . . . . When I say, 'now,' I want you to turn in place and kneel with an erect posture . . . Now!"

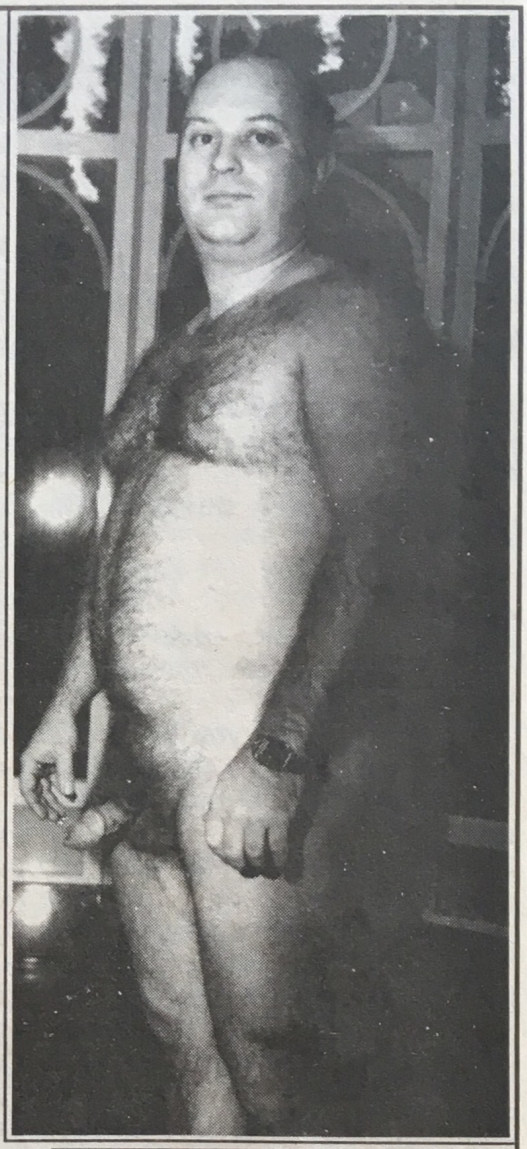
I eagerly knelt between his legs with my back as straight as a board. My waist was level with his crotch as we gazed into each other's eyes. His expression was very stern and serious, prompting me to lower my eyes.

"Look into my eyes!" he commanded. Then more relaxed, he added, "You're not to remove your eyes from mine until you're told. Do not blink. Regardless of what happens, do not shift your gaze from mine."

I stared unblinkingly into his sky-blue eyes until I could swear I saw clouds floating by. For what seemed like hours—but could

(Continued on page 21)

THE BOYS FROM BELGIUM



THE NATURAL

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCIS R.

JACK II

(Continued from page 19)

only have been a few minutes—our eyes locked. I felt he was sucking my soul from my body and I was more than willing to give it up. Then, in slow motion, he raised his hands from the chair arms and rubbed the heel of his thumbs over my nipples. At his first touch, my nipples became erect. He then began slowly rolling them between thumb and forefinger. I could no longer hear the music. My whole world was centered on what was being done to my chest.

He whispered in a deep monotone: "I claim your mind, body and, yes, even your soul. You belong to me from this moment. Your life will be devoted to servicing my needs and desires. You will never have to make another decision . . . only do exactly as you are told. Do you *fully understand* what I demand of you?"

"Oh, yes . . . ."

"Will you submit to me . . . unconditionally?"

"Yes, sir. Please . . . please, take me!"

He picked up the tempo and increased the pressure. He started twisting my nipples completely around until I thought I would scream out in pain. I had no will or desire to look away. I was aware of my rock-hard cock pressing against the front of the chair. I wondered if my pre-cum were staining it. I prayed this would not displease him and fought back a spontaneous climax.

His voice came as through a fog. "When I say, 'now,' you have permission to divert your eyes. You will keep your back in a straight line and lower yourself until your buttocks rest on your heels. You may place your hands—with the arms locked—on the floor behind you for support . . . . Now!"

I assumed the required position and my tender, stretched nipples cried out in pain as they slipped from his grasp. Our bodies remained frozen with eye movement only. His hands were still extended to where my tits had been before. His eyes flicked over my body and I knew he was seeing the slack, submissive, satisfied look on my face. His glance moved down past my chin and zeroed in on my red, swollen nipples with their background of thick chest hair. That same, self-satisfied smile came to his lips. He looked at my belly, which appeared to be supported by my near-to-bursting erection. He frowned. *Was he displeased?* Whether or not, I was powerless to reduce my excitement.

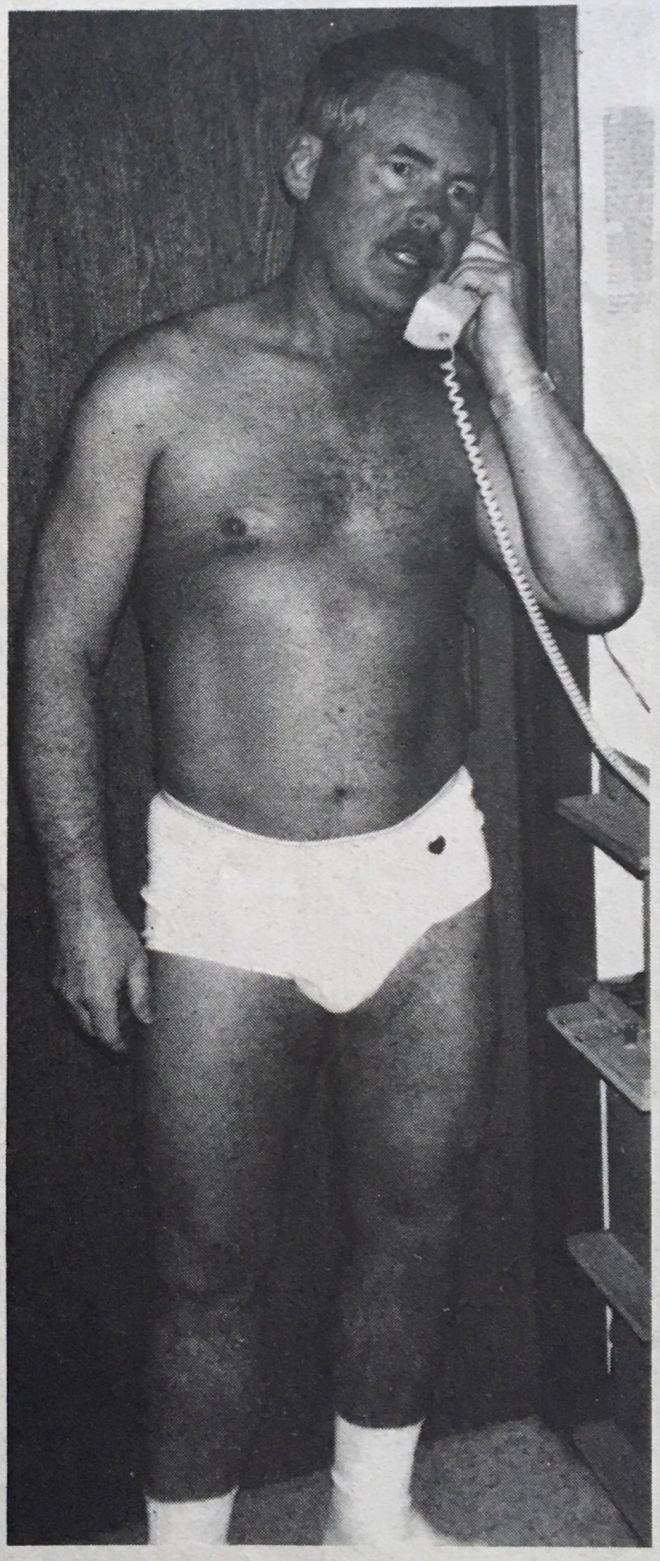
From my position, I saw him become expressionless, cool and in complete control. Only the enlarged bulge along his leg exposed his passion. I fixed my eyes to the spot and watched his penis pulsate and strain at the material, eager to break free.

Without using his hands for support, he slowly rose from the chair as the Phoenix rising from the flames. His spread legs straddled my body as he towered over me. The light was blocked by his trunk and all I could see was a faceless silhouette without identity. His crotch was only inches from my lips and encompassed my entire range of vision. Every so slowly, he removed his belt and began to unzip his trousers.

His voice boomed over the silence. "Prepare to meet your god!" His cock sprung from its confinement and struck me in the face.

I exploded in orgasm.

I was home at last. I knew I would never leave.



HEART photo by H. Martin

LONESOME COWBOY

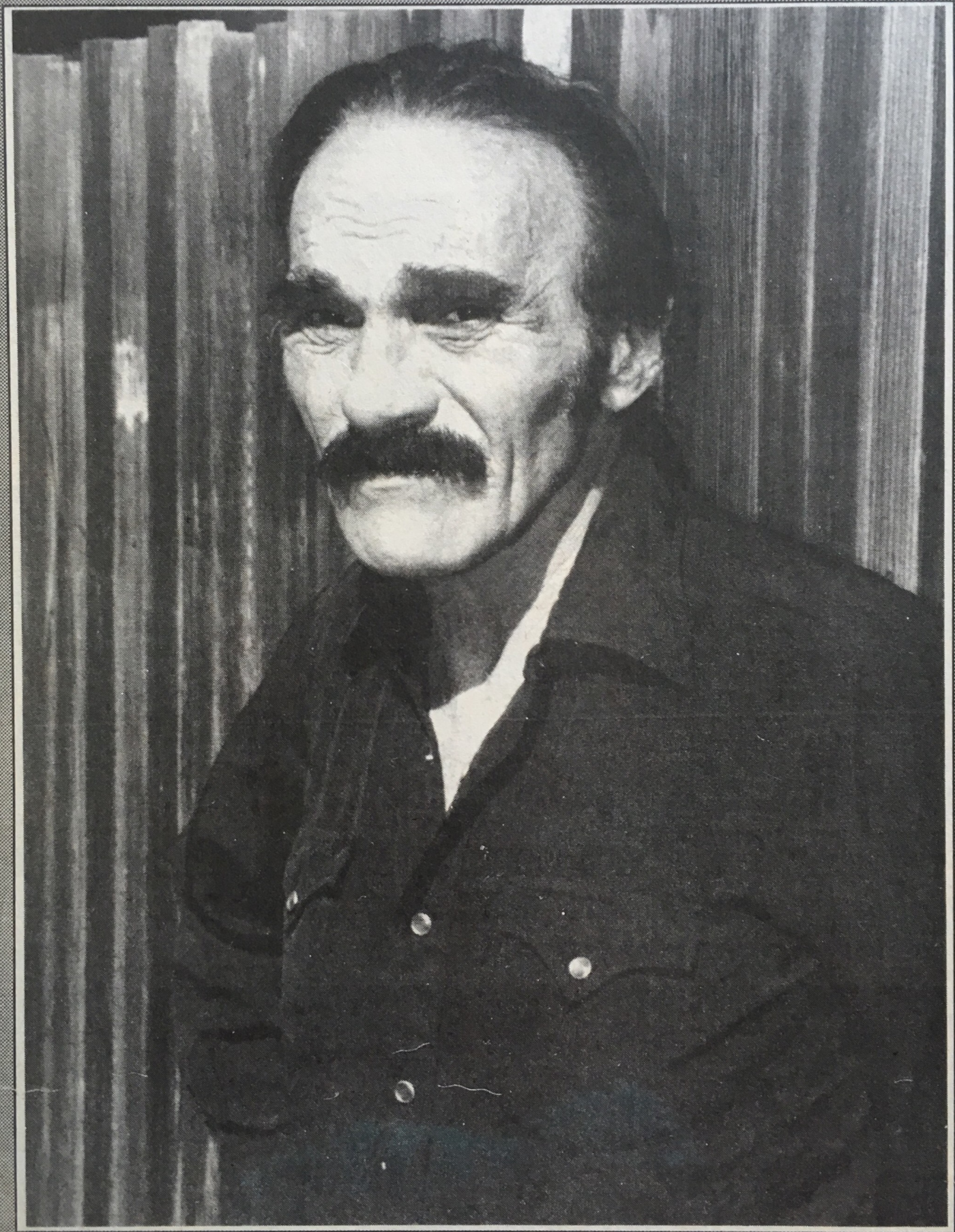


photo by Larry Stephens

KENN RICHIE

LOVESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS

Because my address happens to be Hollywood, I am forever being asked whether or not some famous actor is gay. How the hell should I know?! Each time I'm asked, however, I can't help but wonder why such information is so keenly desired. Those who ask couldn't seriously hope to score with a hot date, could they?

Many of the leading gay publications run stories revealing that some famous person of history or art was gay. Even though the men have long departed the planet, the fascination is strong. Recently, however, some stories have appeared "revealing" or strongly hinting at gay preferences of living celebrities, always without permission, and often untrue. The publications decide they can risk legal action, for such stories sell so well! We want to know. WHY we want to know is another question.

The only time it is advisable for me to know if a man is gay is while I am escorting him into my bedroom. On all other occasions, it's none of my damned business. I've no need for such knowledge, and yet . . . ah, yes, I confess, I'm always curious.

I suspect it has to do with my awareness of how gay people are stereotypically perceived by the general (straight) public. I don't mean the homophobic nuts; I'm referring to the ordinary John Does. A great many of these people see gays as a "fringy" group, far apart from their own worlds, living in Castro, West Hollywood or Greenwich Village. "They all wear eye make-up and funny clothes." Most of these people (who've never noticed cousin Henry's cock ring collection) would think seriously—and seek to be decent about—civil rights and justice if they were more aware of our presence. But they don't give much thought when they think of us as being so far away. When unaware that gays are their neighbors, little notice is given to a political candidate's position on gay rights issues on voting day.

This is, of course, the argument of "coming out," of being visible and counted, an argument we've all heard before. The conscience-wrestling and consideration of each individual's situation can be staggering and exhausting. Many gays, especially those who are a bit older and well established in their (so-called "closeted") life styles, have opted not to dash out to wave a rainbow flag in a gay pride parade. Very good reasons of family, job, security or even the value of hard-earned comfort justify the decision to remain "discreet." The younger, with far less being asked in sacrifice (thanks to the sacrifices their seniors made to win the freedoms they DO enjoy) level name-calling anger toward those who make that decision. Soon it begins to appear that those who come out the loudest—those most visible—are the militant and outrageous with eye make-up in Castro!

Mr. and Mrs. John Doe need to be educated, yet all they see on the television news are the stereotypes. They see them more often, perhaps, but they are still remote broadcasts from far away.

How might I convince my neighbors that gay people are everywhere, all types and sizes, all ages, and no different than any other human being, save for their sexual preferences? How can I tell them that they encounter gay people probably every day of their lives? How can I point out that it needn't concern them if their neighborhood market manager happens to be gay, but that it MUST concern them that he is a victim of injustice? How can I manage all this if I've opted not to reveal myself as an example?

One very good way would be to point to a famous celebrity, someone they all know and respect, and say, "He's gay." Movie stars, sports figures and others could provide convenient means of destroying stereotype images. Would you vote for a candidate who wants to throw one of your favorite television stars in prison for what he likes to do in the privacy of his bedroom?

How idiotic it would be to suppose that those stars who might qualify haven't wrestled their consciences about coming out as much as anyone else. How foolish it would be not to see the enormity of the sacrifice being asked, the impossibility of the challenge. When millions of dollars are at stake, invested in the popularity of the star's image before a sadly prejudiced potential audience, the choice is no longer a personal one. It would have impact on hundreds of others from studio moguls to the kids in the wardrobe department. It is unthinking and inconsiderate to even ask a celebrity to come gleefully dancing out of a closet he, himself, might detest.

There is a sarcastic remark circulating in Hollywood these days that Rock Hudson wasn't gay until he died. Official and conflicting biographies aside, it is true that the general public had not considered Hudson to be gay until the tragic horror of AIDS took his life. I will admit that I'd heard so many rumors and stories over the years that the news came as no surprise to me, but then, I LIVE in Hollywood where rumors about somebody pour across town like the morning smog. I have seen careers crumble and fall due to such gossip. It is one of the great evils of our community, and I struggle against the temptation to fall into and be a part of it. Don't even ask me whether or not some favorite movie star is gay. Even if I knew from having dated him, I won't tell you!

There were many times over the years of my assuming (from the many reports I'd heard) that Rock Hudson was gay, that I would have loved to point him out to Mr. and Mrs. Doe as an excellent example of a gay man who was successful and admired. Imagine if it had been his courage to come out rather than the damnable plague that revealed him to the world. Think of what he might now be doing for us to erase the stereotypes.

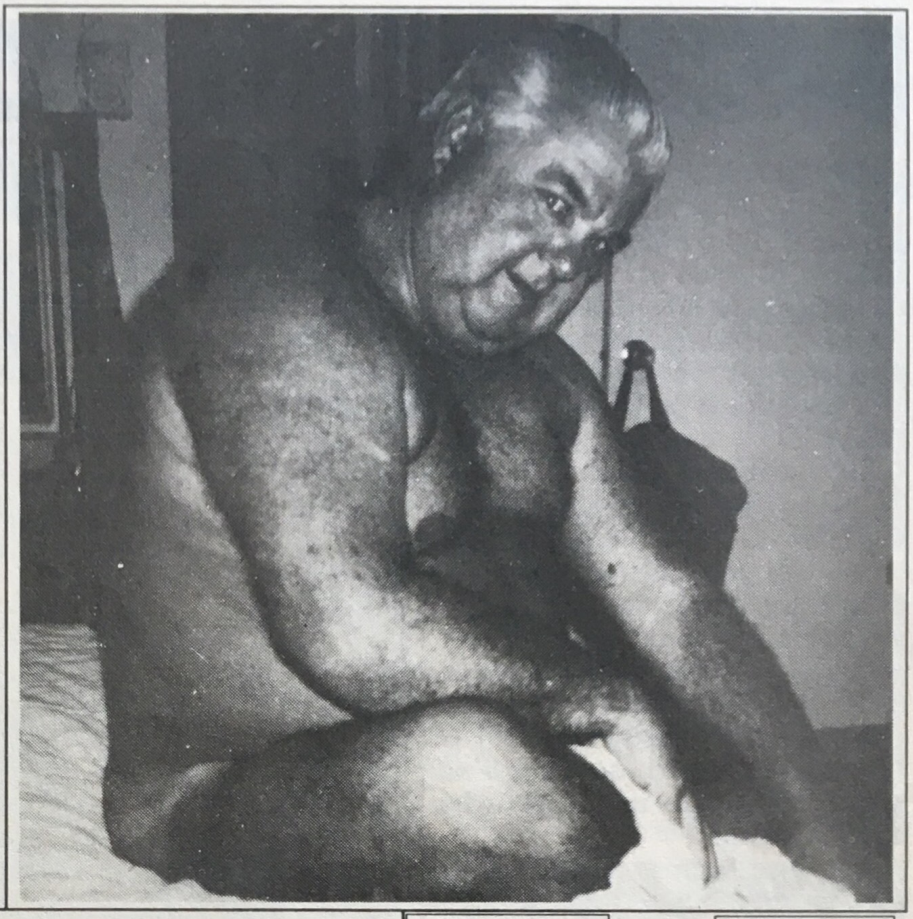
Gay people need heroes. We need stars as luminous as Rock Hudson to shine for us. We need respected, admired, successful celebrities to risk far more danger and sacrifice than most of us can even imagine.

As long as we pester and annoy those we think "might be," as long as we rush to buy sleazy tabloids with stories of those who "could be," as long as we slander with gossip those we might "wish to be," we are doing little to inspire someone to stand proudly gay FOR us. ☐

NEAL and JOSEPH

photo by A. SHEA

BIG MEN



NO WRINKLES photo by C.J.

THE WILD HARE photo by Paul Dudley

DON'T LOOK BACK . . . by JASON P. WILLIAMS

Four weeks to go! We are gathering in Chicago over the Labor Day weekend for "Convergence '90," the convention of Affiliated BigMen's Clubs (ABC) that takes place every year in a different city somewhere in the U.S. Convergence '89 was in Los Angeles, '88 in New York, '87 in Washington D.C. and '86 in Seattle. Convergence '91 will be in Boston. The venue for '92 will be decided in Chicago.

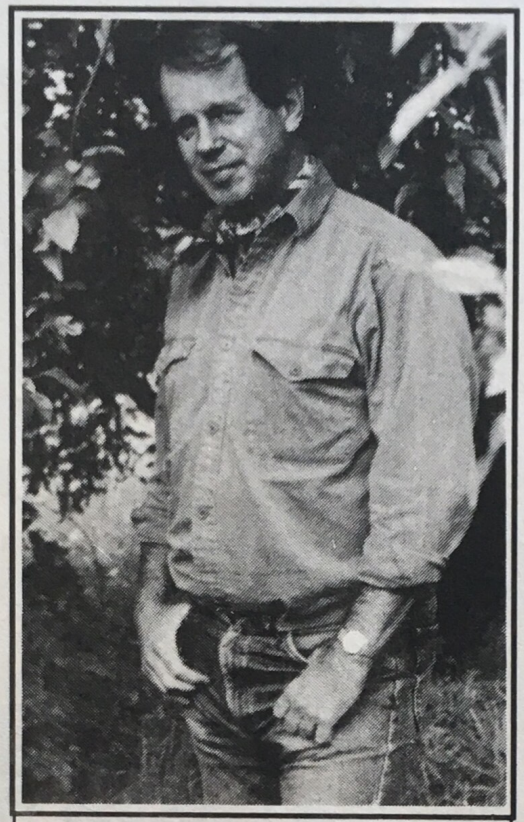
As you can see, the chub-club movement is nationwide, but it's spreading internationally too, with clubs springing up in London and Vancouver. But for now, our eyes are on the Windy City. I'll be there and so should you if you are a gay chubby man or a man who admires them.

I've been to three of these suckers and I must say, without equivocation, they have been three of the most-fun experiences of my adult life. The sexiest too.

It's not too late to join in: The registration fee is $185 (call 312-776-9223 for further information). The hotel is Holiday Inn's City Centre; call 312-787-6100 for reservations and be sure to tell them you are attending Convergence '90 so you can get the special $75 per night rate, double or single.

We've come a long way from the old days. People are opening up all kinds of closets and you no longer have to be ashamed of what turns you on. And, God knows, you aren't alone in your special interests; you have soul mates everywhere. All you have to do is seek them out.

One thing we've all shared is our coming-out as gay men. To ourselves, at least, if not to our friends and families. We all thought we were the only ones who felt this way. You've heard the story: "I thought I was the only kid on the block (in town, in the world) who felt this way." That is, having unsettling physical reactions to the



bodies of other males. Definitely not interested in girls. You know, the same old story you've read a zillion times, *ad nauseum*, in the gay media.

I have the same story, but with a twist. I thought I was completely *asexual*. I wasn't turned on by either boys *or* girls, men *or* women. I liked it in a way. I never got twisted up in my teenage pea-brain by the budding breasts of the girl next door or the bubble butt of the boy. I even thought it was stupid to hold hands! My friends were in cold sweats over getting to hold a girl's hand. I went stag to everything, even the Junior-Senior prom. Didn't bother me. I felt superior to my friends because they were all caught up in the pubescent hormonal dance. Oh yeah, I definitely felt I was lacking something, but it wasn't sex because I sure dug jacking off. The problem was that I didn't really want to stick the old meat *into* anybody, you know? Popping the cork solo was just fine with me. I didn't jack-off *to* anything, you see; no fantasies or visions of naked flesh helped get me off. Plain old friction on the wanger seemed to be enough.

I was a jock in school and a good one—all the sports. That's not bragging; I just want to make the point that I showered with the cream of the crop, body-wise. I was naked daily with athletic bodies that would stop traffic, but it didn't faze me.

Then something happened. I began noticing the "before" photos in the before-and-after pictures of men who had gone on weight loss programs. I developed a more-than-ordinary interest in professional football players, especially the guards, tackles and centers. I discovered magazines with photos of wrestlers bulging out over (and under) their tights and I began thinking it might be nice to bury my face down there between those thunder thighs. At last, I had found it. A sexual turn-on!

But, oh no! That must mean I'm queer! But wait! Now, at least, at last, I had a jack-off fantasy. As much as I hated to admit it, I was hooked on older, heavy men!

The army firmed it up for me. With about six months to go before discharge, I started having wet dreams about Sgt. Mack and Lt. Grant. Without really thinking about it I began planning my showers around the *toilette* schedules of Bob and Kevin and Butch. They were big, they were masculine and their bellies spilled out over their army belts, the shiny buckles facing downward from the pressure. They were my sexual fantasies. That is, their big bellies, chests and thighs were my sexual fantasies.

Talk about a closet! Here I was in the army, deciding I was homosexual and trying to deal with it. But, wouldn't you know in this fucked-up world, I had a specialty that no one would understand. I almost went off my gourd! I could think of nothing but bulging bellies and big butts. Big dicks between

big thighs. I was obsessed and jacking off didn't help. I realized I was just like everybody else and, finally, I understood the frustrations and stupid goofiness of my buddies in school. I became fixated on sex; Mother Nature had caught up with me at last, the old whore. At least I wasn't a teenager and understood the situation. What I desired and needed was *someone else* to get sexual satisfaction. But that person had to be—okay I'll admit it—a FAT man! Do you wonder why I thought I was the only one in the world?

And you thought *you* had a problem!

Luckily for me, the right chub came along at the right time (Amsterdam, December 1959) and solidified my sexual preference. After that came Sgt. Mack and Lt. Grant and Bob and Kevin and Butch and then, in the Summer of 1960, I was honorably (somehow) discharged and set loose on the unsuspecting chubby male population of the not-so-civilized free world. I sure hope it was appreciated. Finally, I knew what I wanted and I went after it, no alibis. I think I did a good job too, although I spread myself pretty thin, pardon the expression. After all, I was the only man in the world who preferred chubby men, remember? And I never told anyone about my "fetish," although it was probably pretty easy to interpolate by observing my chosen sexual partners.

Time moved on and I had reached the advanced age of 39—the year was 1976—when I heard of a club starting in San Francisco. It was to be called Girth & Mirth and it was for gay chubby men and their admirers. Someone wanted to start a club that welcomed, that sought after, people like me! Suddenly I wasn't alone!

Could there possibly be enough of "me" to sustain a club? Would enough gay chubbies have the guts to join a club, basically sexual in nature, to bring others like me out of their sub-closet? There were, and there are.

Thank God!

The proof is in the pudding, in Chicago, over the Labor Day weekend. See you at CONVERGENCE '90!

[Editor's Warning: Since this issue contains the writing of J.P.W. in four forms (Limerick, Haiku, Column and Fiction), we almost named it the Jason P. Williams Special Issue. The following is a special bonus for all you Jason P. Williams fans.]

A HARD ACT TO FOLLOW . . . Fiction by JASON P. WILLIAMS

What now? I thought as the door bell rang. I was already going to be late to rehearsal unless I got a move on. I was playing the lead in a local production of *The Man Who Came To Dinner*. I was too young for the role. I'm 30 but the director said he wanted to give me a "stretch." I knew damn well it was because I was the only "name" he could get his hands on. I had a pretty good local following and my name on a poster meant box office. But I'm a busy man and was pissed off at myself for letting my ego get the better of my judgment.

"Well fuck it," I sighed as I opened the door.

"Hi, Jason." A low pleasant rumble

"Don! What the fuck are you going here?"

"Can I come in?"

"Well, just for a second. I'm on my way out. I'm in the middle of rehearsal for . . . ."

"I heard." He stalked into the living room and plopped down in the wingback. "I don't know why you're wasting your time on that amateur stuff. You're better than that. How about a drink?"

"Listen, I can only give you ten minutes," I said. "Christ, you're the one who taught me the importance of professionalism. And I hate to be late anyway. Scotch okay? It'd better be, 'cause it's all I have." I fixed us both one, about a quarter of a small glass, a shot of water, a small hint I was pressed for time. Also, I have to admit, I was unsettled. I thought I was over Don, especially after six years without so much as a Christmas card. His piercing eyes followed my every move as I made the drinks. He looked me up and down appraisingly. Same old Don. Appraising. Always appraising.

I handed him his drink, setting my own on the coffee table, and headed for the bedroom. I had only gotten as far as jeans and a tee shirt in my changeover from businessman to ham actor and I really did have to split soon. I threw on a sweater and carried my socks and sneaks back into the living room, sitting on the couch opposite Don and reaching for my drink, sipping it. "Okay, now, to repeat, what the fuck are you doing here?"

He kind of settled his big body into the chair, crossing his legs comfortably, instinctively striking just the right casual pose. He looked terrific: rumpled, greying, overweight, powerful, butch as hell, the wings of the chair framing his incredible rugged face, arrogant intelligence indicated by the tilt of his head, the set of his shoulders and, especially, his deep, dark, fathomless eyes. The fucker's personality filled the room. Shit, my little apartment didn't have a chance. Don's personality can fill and command a 5,000 seat amphitheater. I'm not kidding; I've seen it happen.

He grinned. He had great teeth, too. I had to remember that the man was manipulative to the nth degree. Never, never trust Don McGivers, I told myself again. Even after all this time, his physical presence stirred my soul.

(Continued on page30)

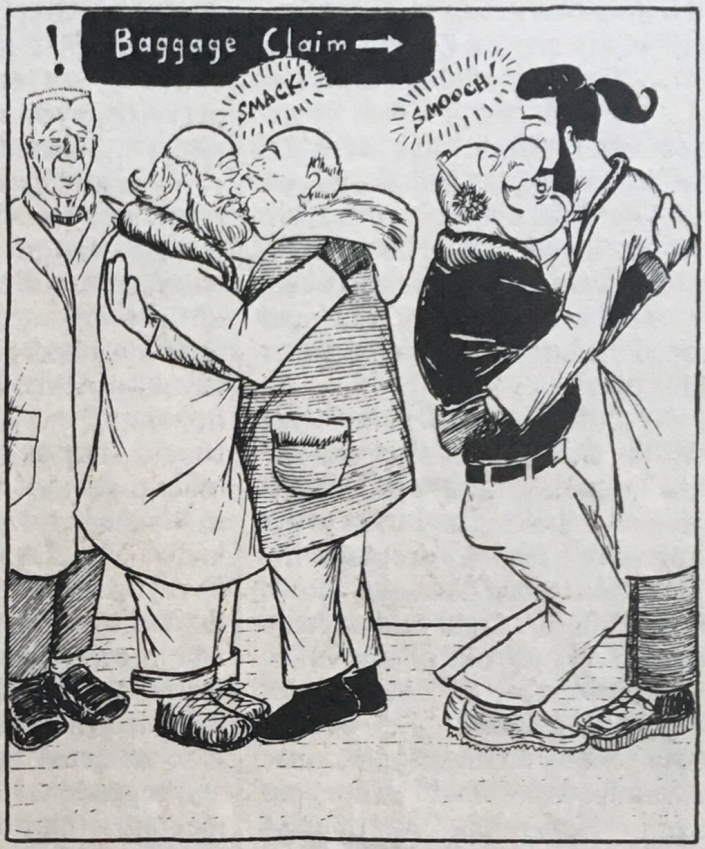
GOLDEN GOODIES

by QUETZAL

EXCUSE ME, GUYS! CHICKEN OR FISH?
WHAT, NO BEEF?!
NOT TONIGHT, SIR!
HOW CAN I EAT?! I CAN'T EVEN MOVE MY ARMS!
MAYBE I'LL SPOON-FEED YOU!
SPY
21
HEH... THESE SEATS ARE SMALL ENOUGH, BUT WHEN THEY PUT THREE BIG FELLAS LIKE YOURSELVES IN A ROW, WELL...
"BIG FELLAS"? I BEG YOUR PARDON...
ER, "HUSKY GENTLEMEN"?
©'90 QUETZAL
HEY, DID I PUT MY FOOT IN MY MOUTH? I'M SORRY... I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE NASTY!
THAT'S OKAY--WE KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU WERE THINKING OF WHEN YOU SAID IT...
SPY VEYE
...MEAT!

GOLDEN GOODIES

by QUETZAL



CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE

"I was reading this morning about your impending triumph at the local vaudeville emporium and I've been thinking all day about our summers together. I always regretted letting that get away." He gestured in my general direction.

"Letting *what* get away?"

"Your ass, Jason, your sweet ass. You always were the best on your hands and knees. Or with your legs in the air. And, oh, how you loved it. I've come back, Jason. I want my little pussy back." He stretched his legs out and groped the huge bulge in the center of his trousers.

I had jumped to my feet with his first words, slopping my drink around, spilling a little, sputtering and choking as I tried to get some words, any words, out of my constricted throat. I chugged down the rest of my drink and tried to keep the tremor out of my voice, failing miserably. "You asshole! You royal asshole! Get out! I haven't seen you for six years since you dumped me! And I'm not your pussy! Never was your pussy! How dare you come here! Get out, get out!" I ran to the door and flung it open. I had really lost it. My blood pressure must have gone sky high because I was feeling suddenly out of control. I didn't know whether to cry, kill him or faint. My body made the decision for me, and as I slid down the door jamb, I felt strong arms encircle my body. Don kicked the door closed, picked me up like a sack of potatoes and carried me into the bedroom. He tossed my unprotesting body (my brain was in a major tempest, however) onto the bed and then he was all over me.

He roughly took my clothes off, talking all the while. "I hate it to be this way, Jason, but I need your ass. I need your pussy. I need to fuck your tight, little pussy."

I tried to open my eyes; tried to fight the tremendous lethargy flowing into my body, but I had lost control. I never quite lost consciousness, really, but it was like I was experiencing everything from a distance. My knees were pressed into my chest as strong hands pushed my calves up . . . then, piercing agony. Don was shoving his huge cock up my ass, plunging deeper and deeper. I knew it could feel good if I just had time, but before I got any pleasure ("oh pussy, oh my sweet pussy . . . . Sooo sweet"), I passed into oblivion.

Don had been my drama instructor, my mentor and what I thought was my lover for almost two years in college. I had come out of the army not knowing what the fuck I wanted to do and had matriculated at the local state institution out of the vague feeling that I should start getting something or other together. Although I wasn't in the theater department at first, I knew who Don McGivers was. Everybody did. He was the star of the college, the theater guru of a whole generation of talented professionals. The theater department was the pride and joy at State and Don attracted the brightest talent and engendered the biggest endowments that this little nothing college had ever had. He was a big bear of a man, six-two, probably varying in weight from 230 to 250 at any given time. He was leonine in a dark, Slavic way, hairy as hell, legs like tree trunks and every man and woman would have thrown their legs in the air for him.

The army had put some maturity on me so I was a bit different from the rest of the crowd and, when I auditioned for his Acting One class, I was accepted immediately. He didn't actually hold the auditions himself or really even teach the class. He had assistants for that and would favor us with an in-person lecture once in a while. Like everybody else I fell under his spell, but he really only spent his time with the juniors and seniors. By the time I made it to my junior year, I had decided on a history major and was fiddling around with a minor in drama (not seriously at all but Mr. McGivers' influence was so strong, many people took a drama minor just to be near him. Including me). His eyes didn't really fall on me until my junior year when I was taking his Shakespeare class and having a rather hard time of it. I'm afraid, at that time, I was more influenced by Brando than Burton, so I was having difficulty with the rhythms of Shakespeare. McGivers was patient and understanding and that was the year I fell for him.

At the end of the year, he called me into his office and asked me if I would like to be on his tour for the summer. I was flabbergasted. Every summer he would take two or three of his best students (his "star" students usually) and tour the East Coast summer circuit doing scenes from Shakespeare, Moliere and whoever else struck his fancy. I was ecstatic. I only played small parts and helped set up stuff but I was a full-fledged member of his little company. And the summer was wonderful. And he was wonderful. He got rave reviews wherever we went and we basked in his glory. The other two students were excellent and garnered some nice notices, too (I never got mentioned at all) and we were a great success. It never occurred to me to be jealous of the other two students (the girl was younger than I but the other guy was about my age), until I found out quite inadvertently that the gentle, avuncular Mr. McGivers was fucking them both. Usually on alternate nights. I wasn't really jealous; I was more mad that I wasn't in on this part of the tour. For the final two weeks of the summer, I had to lie in bed and jack off every night, thinking about Mr. McGivers, so it was a relief when it was over. We had a two week break before the new year started, so I pretty well got over it.

My senior year was a different story, however. The very first day of class, he called me into his office, locked the door behind us, and the rest, as they say, is history. I was exclusively his the rest of the year and, after graduation, I was the only student that toured in his

"Summer With Shakespeare." He fucked me every night without fail and I was in heaven. The only thing I really hated was that he insisted on calling me his "little pussy," which I found degrading and humiliating. Although I did object, I loved him too much to made a big fuss over it.

The serpent didn't appear in our relationship until near the end of the summer. The first part of our show consisted of scenes from *Henry IV*. I played Prince Hal and Don knocked 'em dead with a great Falstaff. The second half consisted of the *King Lear/Fool* scenes (poor fool, me, of course) after which Don would segue into Lear's final scene with me becoming Cordelia's dead body (big finish for me, right?) and Don would bring the crowd to its feet with tears flowing down their cheeks. It was incredible.

Our little private joke was that during Lear's death scene with the dead Cordelia firmly planted in his lap, Don would get a raging hard on against my ass. He was such a brilliant actor that he even used the quaver caused by his lust in his portrayal of the death of Lear. Sometimes his lust was so great from the passion of his own performance and the adulation of the crowd that he had to fuck me right in the dressing room, immediately following the performance. Calling me his "pussy boy" and "little pussy" all the while. Hateful that. But I dearly loved the fucks. And the love.

The serpent: I started to get good reviews. Not just good reviews. I mean *really* good reviews. Equal to his. Not better than his, but equal. He grew cooler and cooler toward me as we approached the end of August, and the fucks stopped. Lear's hard-ons stopped. The last performance was August 26th. We never did get a chance to talk it out. When I went to say goodbye, he had gone. For the six subsequent years, I coped with real life and made a success of it. Those two incredible summers faded into what they really were: a fantasy.

Until, six years later, Don McGivers came back into my life, drugged me and raped me.

I struggled up out of my drug-induced coma by sheer force of will, my fury fueling my recovery. My fluttering eyes focused on the bright light of my clock radio. Nine o'clock! Shit, already an hour late for rehearsal. I clicked on the lamp and sat up on the edge of the bed, the pain in my head matched easily by the pain of my anus. They both felt torn and ragged. I couldn't believe it. I had actually been fed a "mickey." I'd heard about them, read about them and seen movies with such scenes, but never in my wildest dreams had I ever thought I'd be the victim of one.

I whipped around at the sound of a gentle snore, the sudden movement sending a bolt of lightning through my temples. If it hadn't been for the pain, I would have killed Don right then and there. I stared down at his prone body snuggled innocently into the bedclothes, his lower torso tangled in the sheet. His hairy ass and huge, muscular back were an affront to my revenge-filled mind. What could I do to him?

Hate was never my long suit. I felt that probably the best thing would be to wake him up and send him home. Wearily I got up and stumbled into the bathroom, a hot shower washing away all of the sweat, shit and semen from my body. And most of the pain. My asshole was okay—God knows it had been through greater ordeals, but always before with my cooperation. What the fuck am I going to do about this? All through the shower, the phone call to the theater (car trouble you know) and while getting dressed, I pondered the options. I had to get rid of Don once and for all. What to do?

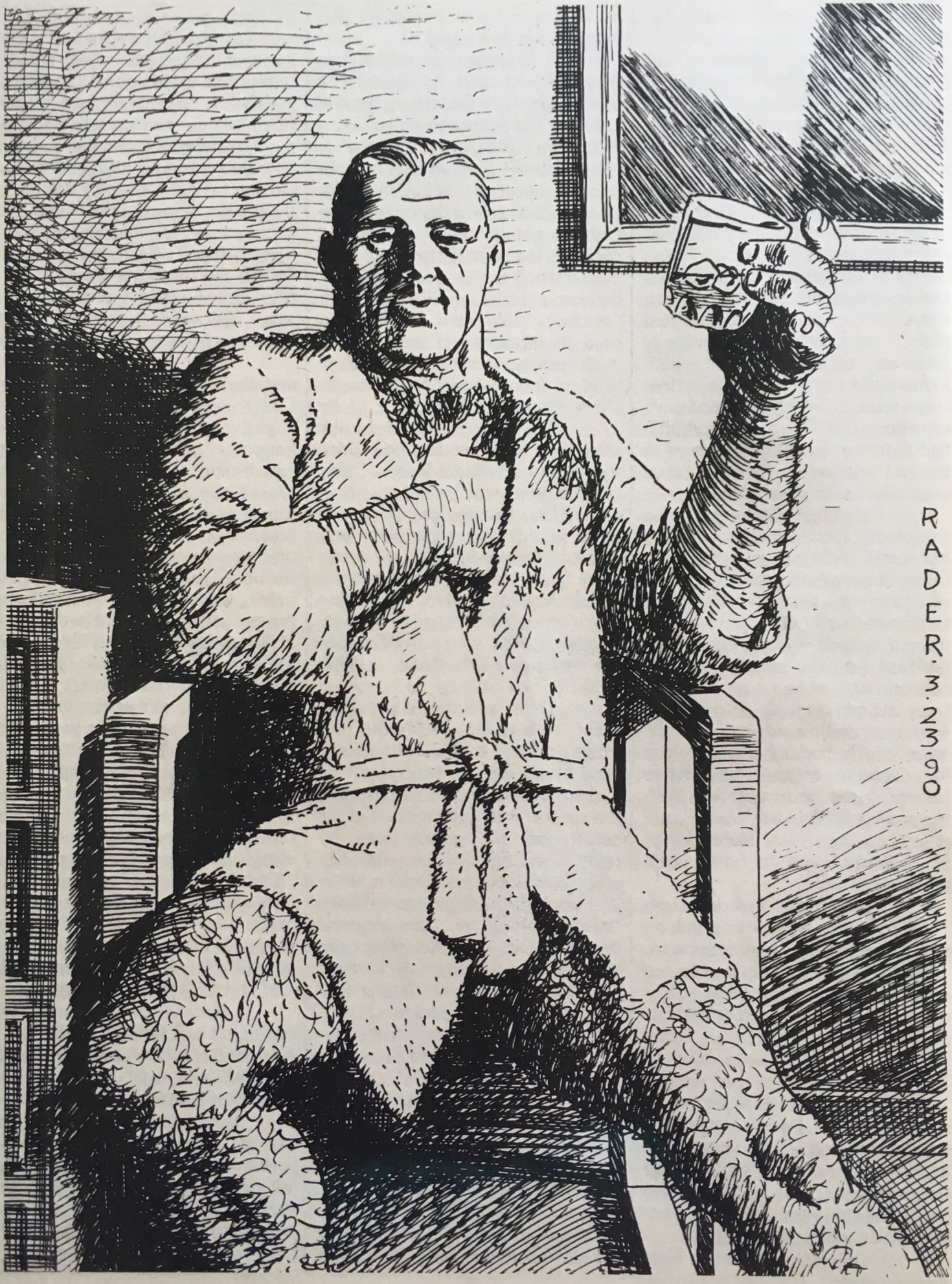
I stood in the bedroom door and stared at my rapist. I had to admit that he was still the hunkiest man I had ever seen, lying there with his ass in the air, relaxed and vulnerable. Thoughts of turnabout-is-fair-play flashed through my head and my dick jumped at the thought, but, unfortunately, Don was also one of the strongest men I knew and there was no way I could overpower someone so much bigger than I. My eyes fell on the pile of clothes on the floor at the foot of the bed. Maybe there was a way. I silently picked up all his stuff and carried it into the living room. In the pocket of his parka I found it: a small packet of yellowish powder, neatly closed with a paper clip. It had to be the stuff he gave me. Should I chance it? You bet your ass. If it were something more lethal, so be it.

I got a glass from the bar and dissolved the powder in water. Unfortunately, the water turned slightly yellow, but I would just have to chance it with positioning and dim light. I put ice cubes in the glass to dilute the yellowness of the liquid and carried the glass back into the bedroom and put it on the dresser, away from the dim light by the bed. I went back into the living room, picked up Don's clothes and returned them in a pile to the floor at the foot of the bed. It didn't look like Don had stirred at all; his gentle breathing filled the room. Jesus, even in sleep he had charisma.

This isn't going to work, I thought, as I glanced around. A sudden inspiration. I silently got a note card from the desk and wrote in fairly large letters, "We've got to talk. You're probably right." And, cringing inwardly, I signed it, "Your Little Pussy." I propped the note against the glass and glanced around the room again. The stage was set at least; maybe Act II would be in my favor. I put on my jacket and quietly left for rehearsal.

Because of my lateness, we didn't get much done. My being a bit distracted didn't help either; my mind was only half on the job. The other half was on my little scenario back at my apartment. After rehearsal, I apologized to everybody and told them I'd be back on my toes the next night. Before I split I asked the property mistress if I could borrow the wheel chair from

(Continued on page 33)


RADER. 3.23.90

the play so I could practice with it at home. She was a friend and even loaded it into the trunk of my car for me. Big, strong woman, if you know what I mean.

As I opened the door I was filled with dread about what I might see. I hoped he had left without touching the water; I would get him out of my life another way. But it was not to be. He lay slumped in the doorway of the bedroom, his naked body gleaming in the dim light. I left the wheelchair by the front door and knelt down next to the hairy body. I smoothed the gorgeous mane of hair away from his face. What if he's dead? I thought, but was immediately reassured by a soft snore. I was immediately filled with elation. It had worked! I leaned back on my knees and cackled. My God, I even felt an evil power come over me. This must be what Iago felt like, or at least Marc Antony. There was going to be some "mischief afoot" for damn sure.

Using a half-assed fireman's carry, I dragged Don the few feet to the bed and dumped him on it roughly. I heard a soft moan and realized he knew exactly what was going on, but was powerless to do anything about it; it was the exact same thing I had felt when our situations were reversed. And I felt the same sort of power that he must have felt when I was at his mercy, not able to move. And my cock started to get hard.

I quickly removed my clothes and climbed on top of him. Rubbing my body all over his back and ass, I was immediately ready to come. I rammed my hard seven inches against his asshole, but it was like a brick wall. I hopped off the bed and rummaged around in my fuck-drawer under the bed and found a large tube of KY. I also took out the largest dildo I had—a real, beer-can-thick rubber truncheon—given to me by a friend more as a joke than anything.

Back on the bed I greased up my victim's hairy ass and eased my cock between the large, firm cheeks, the tip of my throbbing dick immediately finding entrance in the tight hole. I slid just the head in, making sure it was well-ensconced in the burning flesh and with one thrusting motion I buried my cock to the hilt. I withdrew it immediately and just as quickly banged it home again. Roughly I kneaded the hairy back below me and pulled at the hairs as I fucked Don McGivers for all I was worth. "Who's the pussy now, Donny boy," I growled, and climaxed into his ass. I pumped him full of load after load of jism until I couldn't hold myself up any more and crashed down on the back of this piece of meat I had loved so much. I held this position for a long time, my cock buried to the hilt in Don's ass. I kept it stiff by lazily inch-fucking his hot hole. I lay atop the big brute, licking and chewing on the hair on his shoulders and neck, twirling it in spit-circles as I luxuriated full length on this hunky flesh-bed.

Revenge was sweet, but not sweet enough. I planned to fuck Don again, and maybe a third time. But first I owed him some humiliation. I slid off his body, my cock squishing sexily as it came out of Don's asshole; I had really planted a load in there and it was oozing out onto his inner thighs. I fingered the wetness and smoothed it onto the mounds of his buttocks, tangling the sperm-filled liquid into the black hairs. And inspiration came.

I hopped off the bed, went into the bathroom and got the soap, a towel, the straight razor and the shaving cream. Detouring into the kitchen for a bowl of hot water, I returned to the bedroom and proceeded with my diabolical task. I had intended to shave a design of some sort on the hair of his ass (an arrow pointing inward? 666?) but as I soaped him down and covered his butt, lower back and thighs with shaving cream, I started to get incredibly turned on! I didn't have time for cute designs!

I shaved his butt first, including right down into the crack of his ass, being very careful around the beautiful rosebud of his hole. I couldn't have dealt with cutting him and I knew it would turn me off. I sure didn't want that at this point. I shaved his thighs thoroughly and worked my way up his back. I panted in excitement as his body became slick and clean under the smooth blade. My cock ached and I couldn't hold off any longer. I straddled his butt and slid my cock deeply into him again, the new slickness of his bare body driving me to a wild frenzy of fucking. I slammed into him, grunting insanely to reach orgasm. My ejaculation was so extreme, it almost hurt; I screamed in ecstasy, almost relieved to get it over with. Tears, snot and saliva streamed out of my face as I collapsed, again, across the broad back.

My recovery took a bit longer this time and I had spilled the bowl of water on the bed. There were water, soap, shaving cream and short, dark, wet hair all over the place. I sopped most of it up with the towel but while rubbing down Don's body, I couldn't help noticing what a rotten barber I had been. Since I had gained complete control again, I proceeded to complete my plan. Getting another bowl of hot water and starting over, I shaved Don's body completely. and I mean completely. I finished his back and shoulders first and then went to the back of his legs and calves. Then, with some effort, I rolled him over on his back. I jumped when he moaned but laughed when I realized he was still under the influence of the drug yet aware of what was happening.

I noticed movement under his eyelids; he was desperately trying to wake up! I had to hurry. I kissed his eyelids gently and then touched my lips to his. And then I shaved the rest of his body! This time I started from the top and worked down, skipping his cock and balls, saving them for last. When I finally concentrated on his scrotum, being extra careful again, he started to get hard. Even in his sleep, the fucker was getting turned

on! And so was I!

His erection made it a lot easier to shave around his cock, and his balls had tightened up in their huge sac, making them ripe for my sliding razor. I gently wiped him down and sat back, looking at my handiwork. I couldn't see one hair on his body. He was slick and clean, his huge body glistening, his nipples and cock glowing pinkly in the dim light. It brought a glow to my own cock and I was considering my options when my gaze fell on the dildo. I picked it up by its balls and slapped its shaft into the palm of my other hand, looking at Don's spread legs speculatively. He didn't deserve to have a hard-on and I thought this would take care of it, hopefully for a long time to come.

I coated the huge rubber monster with KY and moved between Don's legs, forcing his knees up and apart. As I slowly shoved the huge head of the dildo past his sphincter, his cock wilted before my eyes and the muscles of his body and face flexed spasmodically. He moaned again. Cruelly I continued the invasion with the rape-tool until it was buried to the hilt. I waited a few seconds, not for him to get used to it, but because it had taken all my strength to force it in. I slowly pulled it out until just the head was buried and immediately shoved it back in and then out again. I long-dicked him until it was sliding with relative ease. Never stopping the dildo's motion, I leaned down and took the limp cock in my mouth and it immediately started to grow. In a few seconds it was huge, hard as a rock and leaking copiously. I leaned back again and looked at it—it wasn't fair for him to enjoy this, even in his dreams. I glanced at his face and saw the flutter beneath his eyelids again, but I knew this time he wasn't struggling for consciousness. He was struggling for orgasm! And he couldn't have it! I wouldn't let him! Rapists can't have it!

My own hard-on had disappeared and I felt depressed and saddened but, fuck it, Don deserved everything I did to him. Picking up the razor and pulling the dildo out of his ass half-way, I carefully cut the rubber balls off. Then I shoved its shaft all the way up into Don's asshole, using three fingers to make sure it passed entirely through the tight sphincter.

It was over.

I dragged Don's legs around to the edge of the bed, dropping them over the side. I dressed him as best I could, roughly dealing with his bulk as I forced his pants, shirt and shoes onto his hairless body. When I buttoned his shirt I thought how odd it looked, not having that black mat spilling out over his collar. Sort of sad, really. I dressed quickly and fetched the wheelchair, which I had left by the front door. I hefted Don into it and struggled with his limp limbs until it looked like he wouldn't fall out of it.

You can imagine the problem getting him to his car and into it, but I did it, my mood black and guilty. Luckily, no one was around (it was 4:00am). I flopped him into the back seat with a great sigh of relief. I drove him to the campus and parked his car in front of his house, at least I assume it was still his house. If not, he would just have to deal with it when he regained consciousness. The operative reason for parking there anyway was the bus stop nearby.

By the time I got home, it was seven o'clock and before I flopped into bed (what a disaster zone), I called the office and left a message on the machine that I was taking a personal day off. I slept like the dead.

I woke up to the ringing phone and glanced at the clock. Almost three o'clock and the afternoon sun was slashing through the window. I stretched languidly and picked up the phone. Probably the office, I thought. "Hello?"

"You bastard!"

"Well, imagine my surprise."

"You bastard!"

"Tut, tut, *Mister* McGivers, it takes one to know one."

"Don't you realize what could have happened with that thing up my ass? It took me two hours of trying before I was able to shit it out! I might have had to go to the hospital!"

"You would have deserved it, you fuck! You drugged me and raped me! You didn't have to do that! All you had to do was treat me like a human being! I loved you, don't you realize that?" I would have done anything for you. Even be your pussy boy!"

"Oh, Jason, don't cry. I know, I know, and I'm sorry. I didn't realize . . . . I really meant what I said. I *do* want you back. Only I didn't know how to go about it."

"But Don, you raped me! How can you even . . . .? That can't be taken back! You can never make up for that!"

"Oh, Jason, yes I can. I already have."

"What do you mean?"

"The water, Jason, the glass of water you left for me with the note?"

"Yeah?"

"I didn't drink it."

□

QUICK QUIZ

(Continued from page 13)

Answers:

1. (b)

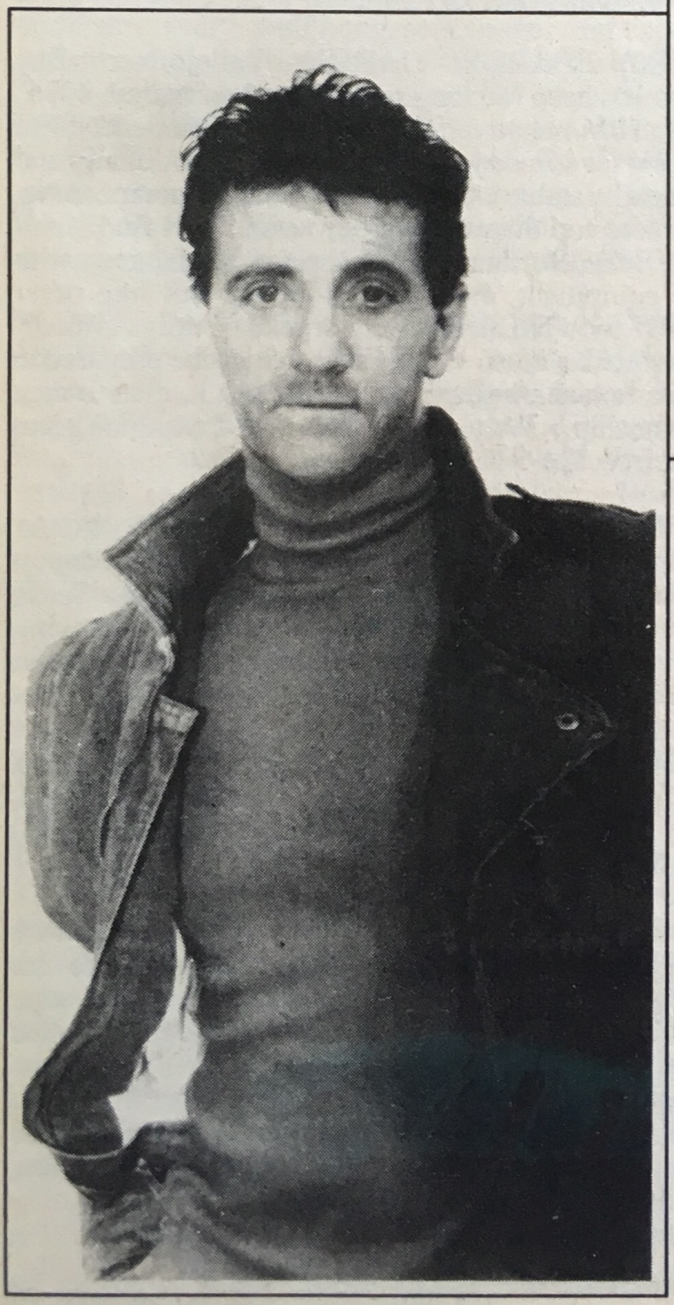
Whatever Senator Helms wants, he gets . . . or so it seems.

2. (c)

Obesity is a contributing factor (along with age, sedentary life-style, race and sex), not a major factor. [Source: Houston MC. Am Heart J 115:640-56, 1988]

ANTHONY II

photo by REED SCOTT



SAMN

photo by
DEBI

PERSONAL ADS

The express purpose of these ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. CR takes no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or incident resulting therefrom and urges all our subscribers to use caution and common sense. We will screen all ads and refuse to print any which, in our opinion, implies deceit, fraud or peril. We cannot, however, control or monitor replies.

Valid complaints about advertisers who fail to answer replies are compiled and abusers are denied advertising services.

The following are instructions for writing to advertisers with code words, which are in **BOLD CAPITAL LETTERS**, followed by NO address. Note: Write to models, artists and writers the same way.

1. Write, return address, stamp and seal your letter.
2. IN PENCIL, write the Code word or contributor's (model, artist, writer) name in the CENTER of the envelope.
3. Place your letter (or letters) inside a larger envelope and fully identify yourself in the return address. A ONE DOLLAR CHARGE IS NO LONGER REQUIRED OF NON-SUBSCRIBERS.
4. Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

ALL RESPONDERS MUST BE OVER 21. THE EXCLUSION OF AN AGE LIMITATION IN ANY AD DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN INVITATION TO MINORS. THESE ADS ARE FOR ADULTS ONLY.

ALABAMA

(G-8/90) ALABAMA/NATIONWIDE: Healthy GWM, 71, 5'-10", 220#, retired, looking for relationship. I do not drink, smoke or do drugs. Have rented 2 bedroom apartment, my furniture. Sex secondary to compatibility. All answered. Write: Charlie, P.O. Box 20538, Montgomery, AL 36120.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(T-8/90) SACRAMENTO COUNTY BEYONDER: F.C. Algonquin, over 70, medically healthy, masculine, affectionate, endowed 7" uncut, fairly horny, nonsmoker. Loves pipe or cigar smoker. Romantic aspects: seeks friend any age, safe sex. Write: **THEOJOS**.

(M-10/90) SEEK S.F. BAY AREA BUDDY FOR EARLY-RETIRMENT TOGETHERNESS: GWM, 59, 170#, blond, HIV neg., planning early retirement from high-tech profession. Need close buddy to share active, happy life of travel, good home life, nice things, togetherness in most activities, and sharing of life, body, love, good times. Desire non-smoker, light social drinker, no drugs, healthy, caring, honest, together guy. Considering living in Hawaii part time. Write: Don, P.O. Box 2323, Stanford, CA 94309.

(R-8/90) SON SEEKS GRANDPA: GWM, 37, 5'-10", 165#, brown hair, blue eyes, smooth, clean-cut, HIV negative, French A/P, Greek P. Seeks down-to-earth, masculine, dominant, grand-daddy, 70+ (no age limit) for friendship and more. Must be hairy chested. Write: J.R., P.O. Box 421396, San Francisco, CA 94142.

(V-8/90) SAN JOSE/BAY AREA/NATIONWIDE: Attractive Asian male, professional, 42, 5'-8", 155#, no smoke/drugs. Seeks an honest friendship/relationship with clean shaven male. More interested in compatibility and companionship, though other things would play a role. Interests: reading, cooking, traveling, conversation, quiet times at home. Please reply with phone number and photo if possible to: S.V., P.O. Box 70174, Sunnyvale, CA 94086.

(S-8/90) BEARDED DADDY: Vallejo/North Bay Area. It's been too long since this silver haired, 43, 6', 280#, HIV negative, GWM, had a manfriend. I'm looking for someone 25-40 years old, emotionally and financially stable, curious about life's deeper meaning, and more top than bottom but versatile. I find small built, furry, Northern Mediterranean/Jewish men with BIG equipment, especially attractive but like other "types" too. No alcohol, cig-smoke or drugs—medicine-smoke a must. Above all you must be prepared to have a fun, sharing, caring, honest, adult, man to man relationship. Write: Michael, 263 Lexington, San Francisco, CA 94110.

(H-8/90) INTERNATIONAL—WHERE'S PAPA? WM, 38, 160#, Harley rider, outdoorsman, elegant dresser, great chef, gardener and much more. Seeks stocky, salt and pepper, hairy chested, non-smoking gentlemen over 60 for correspondence/friendship/visits/? Write with photo to: **THE TRAVELER**

(M-10/90) JUST FOR FUN: No lovers. No roomers. No photos. GWM, 60, 5'-6", W 133, short stick, bald, hairy body, HIV negative. In San Francisco call (415) 585-6624.

(T-10/90) INTELLIGENT YOUNGER MAN WANTED: Last issue of CR proves it: there *are* younger men who like older men! Can I dare hope there's someone 30-40, honest, mechanically inclined (cars, house, musical instruments, junk-tiques) who can get past average appearance and be comfortable with stable, professional 54-year-old? Preference given to non-WASPs, lithe of build with something besides air between ears, Fr-A/P, SF Bay area. Looking for long-term relationship, not one-nighters. I'm

not into the daddy scene (sugar or otherwise). I want companion, lover, protegé. Write: **FIXIT**

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(M-12/90) SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Eager and friendly, 90% top, wants welcoming passive with own home, over 40, non-promiscuous, HIV negative for regular get-it-ons. Shorter, hairy are plusses. SFV, Glendale are extra plusses. I am 58, 6 ft, 205, brown & blue, hairy and strong. HIV negative. Write: D.E., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(B-10/90) SAN FERNANDO VALLEY SON, CALL YOUR DAD! Don't you think it's about time we messed around and spent some time together....eh, dude? Call: George (50, 5'-9", 210#) - (818) 881-5024.

(S-2/91) I'VE GOT BALLS! 64-year-old hunk, 6', 185#, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, clean shaven, moderately hairy, well hung, seeks eager oral experts to drain me dry and then some. Any age or race is fine. I have no top/bottom hangups but I'll respect yours. Southern California preferred but will answer all. Write: KSS, P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.
bridge, photography, T.V. (not necessarily in that order). Phone. If not in, listen carefully and leave message after the beep. George, (213) 396-8510.

(P-4/91) PASADENA, CALIFORNIA/NATION-WIDE: Homeowner, GWM, 52, 5'-11", 185# with red/brown hair and blue eyes, clean cut, sincere, easy going (HIV negative, French A/P, cut and have much more than most), straight acting, self-employed professional in the entertainment industry. Desires monogamous relationship with younger, romantic, mature, straight acting, intelligent, honest, responsible and sensitive equal life partner. I enjoy companionship, sex, motorhome travel, treasure hunting, swimming, movies, theater, Disneyland and quiet times at home. If you are a non-smoker (or willing to quit) and not into the drug or heavy alcohol scenes, please reply with detailed letter, photo and phone to: **PASADENA DREAMER.**

(P-10/90) NORTH HOLLYWOOD SONNY BOY, GWM, 39, LOOKING FOR PAPA BEAR: I'm very clean, discreet and loyal. Lay back and let me suck your dick for hours while you tell me how much you appreciate me and need me. I'm looking for a long term relationship. Please be 45+, very masculine (truck drivers and blue collar a plus) and local. No long distance or J/O calls. I know I can make the right man happy. Weekdays after 7 pm and weekends anytime. Call: Danny, (818) 753-8077.

(S-6/91 SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/ORANGE COUNTY: Bi/W/M, 55, 5'-11", 235#, passive yet rugged and muscular, open to all types. Equipment: 8" long by 7" around. Likes: French passive, receptive tit/ball play, anal massage, fisting, soft toys, body massage, videos. NO PAIN. I'm very clean and healthy, laid back, horny, highly educated, uninhibited, long lasting and butch. I'm also featured in CR's May Special. Write: **MACK**

(B-8/90) ORANGE COUNTY BEACH BUMS: GW Couple, 61 & 36, masculine, CR models, nudists, real people. Seeking singles and couples for friendship and sharing good times. Locals preferred but will answer all. Have no age, race or size hangups. Write with address or phone number. Write: Ed/Wayne, P.O. Box 7086, Huntington Beach, CA 92646.

(B-2/91) ONE GOOD MAN: 52-year-old, white male, attractive, muscular, very hairy, stocky, 5'-8", 185#, green-eyed, virile, masculine. I'm a former college football halfback and a dog lover. Looking for a mature, genuine, masculine top man for one hell of an experience. Just recently moved to the Victor Valley and travel extensively throughout the High Desert on business. Call (619) 951-0436 or write: **KARL.**

(S-8/90) HEAVYSET POWERFUL MEN: If you're a heavy, powerful man, 45-65, this hairy, GWM, 36-year-old, 235#, 6'-2" with eyes o'blue is lookin' for you. I'm flexible in bed and enjoy travel, sports and good friends. Write with photo to: Sol, P.O. Box 632964, San Diego, CA 92163.

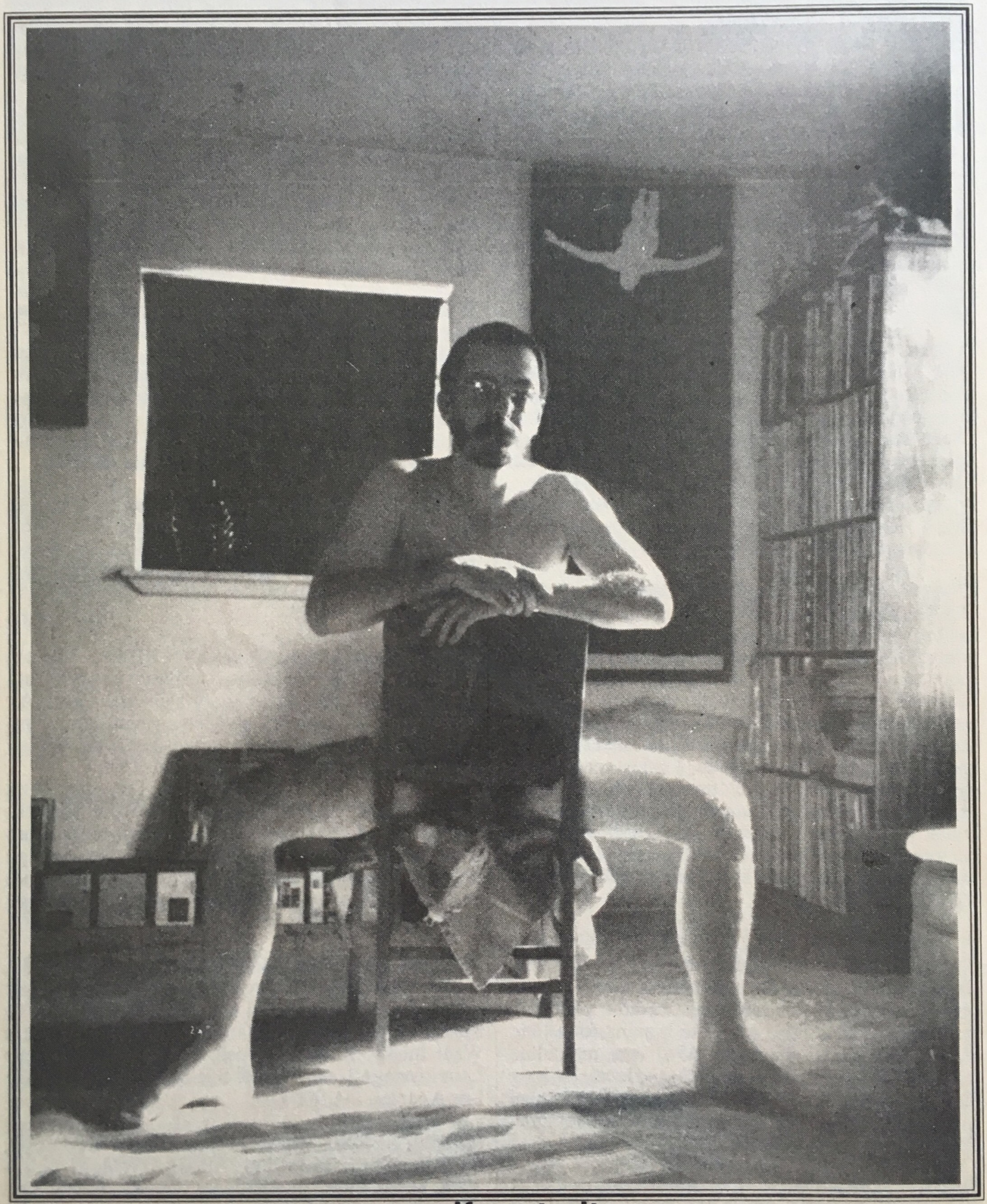
(H-8/90) HOT & HORNY IN SAN DIEGO: GWM, 64, 5'-10", 180#, masculine, healthy, hung uncut. Likes hot sex, letters, kissing, French A/P, Greek A. Need senior companion. All letters with photo answered first. If not in person, let's do it by mail. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 6271, Chula Vista, CA 92011.

(B-8/90) NORTHERN ITALIAN OVER 75: Slender, healthy, masculine appearance, endowed (6") uncut, non-smoker, well-traveled, bilingual. Loves kissing, hugging, home-type intimacy. Seeks lover living in San Diego. Must be over 250# and about 50. Pug nose a plus. Call (619) 291-8966.

(S-10/90) HUSKY, SINCERE BEAR: GWM, 40, 5'-6-1/2", 190#. Bald with brown fringe, short beart. Big brown eyes. Cut long and fat. Hairy. Affectionate. Muscular. Looking for relationship, but open to fun. Want husky, masculine men, 21-65, Daddy-types. Love kissing all over. Write: S.R.S., P.O. Box 411523, Los Angeles, CA 90041.

(D-8/90) SEE MY PHOTO PG 28 OF JUNE'90 AND IN THIS ISSUE TOO: I'm JARED, GWM, 57, 6'-0", 200#, blond, blue. International traveler, ex-cop, ex-pilot, photo model, looking to hear from gay males, 20

R. .L.



a self portrait

to 40, for friendship and man-to-man sex. Non-hirsute and small equipment a plus. Very oral, A & P, open to discussion. HIV negative. Phone and photo (optional) to: JARED, 375 North Citrus Ave., #631, Azusa, CA 91702.

(B-12/90) ARE YOU OVER 55? Do you weigh over 235# and are you masculine, hairy and have a beer belly/stocky? Carpenter type? Professional? Young, 29, successful, muscular, smooth, cute, 5'-8", 130# guy would like to meet and explore possibilities. Write and send phone number to: C.M., 8033 Sunset Blvd. #111, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

(F-12/90) HANDSOME, ATHLETIC, WELL-BUILT PUP: wants a big, mature bulldog to play with. I am GWM, 40, 5'-10", 180#, well-hung, muscular, moderately hairy. You: 40-70, strong, husky and well-hung. Especially love to wrestle, cuddle and have rough and tender sex with some bondage. HIV negative, clean healthy. Okay with top and/or bottom. Write: **STUDMUFFIN**

(P-8/90) MIDWESTERNER SON SEEKS "RAM" TYPE DADDY IN CALIFORNIA: Kansas born and bred, 30 something, masculine, sexy, hot, quiet, submissive, healthy, deep-throat, hot buns/nipples--seeks healthy, hot, aggressive, daddy-grandpa, Colonel/Biker type, grey-white-bald, hairy-husky, dominant or versatile, to pamper-serve-cuddle-obey. Can visit September/October. Want to relocate in future for long term, California or sunbelt preferred, but all considered, answered if right type. Photo please! Write: Artie, P.O. Box 661, Topeka, KS 66601.

COLORADO

(J-10/90) COLORADO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, mid-50s, healthy, masculine, professional, balding gray, 5'-8", 140, thick 7" uncut, looking for self-sufficient, sincere, masculine, younger man who needs the guidance and affection an older man can provide. Interest in music and cooking a plus. Sense of humor and seeker of good times a must. Smoking, alcohol and some kink okay. Like massage and nudism. Looking for possible relationship, not a penpal. Photo appreciated. Write: Bob, 4 Studio Pl., Colorado Springs, CO 80904. (719) 632-8909.

(C-10/90) CLEAN, DISCREET, DEPENDABLE: HWM, 5'-11", 200#, pot-bellied, mid-40s, looking for a cuddly, short, stocky grandfather type, 60+, cut penis. Prefer bald, hairless body, but not necessary. Complete compatibilities more important than sex. My interests are classical music, musical theatre, beautiful mountain scenery, good food, gentle safe sex (no pain). I love to cuddle. Hoping to find someone to share living quarters, expenses and lives together. Write: R.M.C., 1039 S. Parker Rd., Apt. P-15, Denver, CO 80231.

FLORIDA

(G-10/90) NATIONWIDE: Retired gentleman past 60, Miami area, 5'-7", 150#, brown/gray, seeks serious MAN, 25 to 45, masculine, slender, to share home. I am loving, dedicated, stable, and enjoy movies, boating, cooking, travel. Prefer nonsmoker. Foto and describe yourself. Write: C-R Reader, P.O. Box 610191, North Miami, FL 33181.

(B-2/91) CENTRAL FLORIDA-U.S. 27/441: Couple, 67, 6'-1", 155# and 65, 5'-7", 140#. Singles or couples, 35+ for friendship and/or sex on one to one basis welcome to our home, located 8 miles north of Leesburg, 23 miles south of Ocala. No drugs, S & M, freeloaders or collect calls. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32159, or call (904) 753-2857.

(S-10/90) VISITING FT. LAUDERDALE? Fully furnished efficiency: living room, kitchen, bathroom downstairs, bedroom in loft. Separate entrance. Use of Jacuzzi and BBQ. 15 minutes to beach. No drugs. $30.00 single, $40 double. Available now. Write: W.A. Stratton, P.O. Box 23365, Oakland Park, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33307.

(J-8/90) NATIONWIDE: Lonesome old Teddybear (non-hairy) wants sweet Daddies to visit. Belt okay. I'm a chubby. Anything goes (almost). Home life restricted by caretaker role. Write: Teddy, 238 Robin Dr., Sarasota, FL 34236.

(D-12/90) See Ohio.

GEORGIA

(S-6/91) YOUNGER THE BETTER (over 21): GWM, 60, 5'-6 1/2", 215#, seeks lover of gray haired, loveable, cuddly chubby. I love all races but prefer young, slim, sexy, affectionate Asian, Black, Latin. Gentle sex only. Travel anywhere extensively. Send photo. Write: **FPS**

(E-8/90) GEORGIA/NATIONWIDE: Tired of meeting the wrong person? Take a chance. GWM, 42, 210#, 6'-1", stocky build, brown hair/moustache, enjoys sexual versatility and 69. I am sincere and healthy, but somewhat shy with a sense of humor. Love good friends, good food and good sex. Write: Leo, P.O. Box 218, Decatur, GA 30031.

(J-8/90) BIG, HEFTY, OVERSEXED BULLS WANTED: I have tried to repress these lusts but I can do so no longer. I desperately need to contact select, big, hairy-chested, older men who are severely oversexed. Must be circumcised with thick, large penis with huge mushroom head and have a full set of

balls. I am particularly aroused by huge, heavy-set, overweight bulls with large middle-age belly. Love big, meaty ass that fills out tight pants; big thighs, legs; and large well-shaped feet. Would like to caresss and worship the balls, dick, and feet of big, handsome, adulterous husbands, football players, wrestlers, while they wear jock strap or tight bikini briefs and over-the-calf, dark orlon or silk dress socks. Wish to contact studs who get frequent, intense erections that make a huge, obscene bulge in their pants and who have no sex hangups. Love hardcore porn movies, obscene language of studs while they perform, viewing big pistoning hips hump. Can meet during the day for intense masturbation, rubbing, hugging, tonguing--anything leading to shuddering orgasm. Love burly/beefy type, short beard, trim mustaches, balding, big hefty belly. Photos appreciated. Black bulls especially desired, straight or bi, who will let me watch you in full action. No drugs or diseased unclean people. Write: Calvin S. Jackson, 4375 Cascade Rd., SW F-66, Atlanta, GA 30331.

HAWAII

(See International)

ILLINOIS

(L-8/90) HORSE WANTED: GWM, 6'-1 1/2", 200#, lanky 62 year old wants a 220# +, strong, heavyset playmate, any age, to horseplay, mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex, etc. with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, etc. Write: John Lange, P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160.

(H-8/90) GRIZZLY OF C.R. SEEKS OTHER BEARS: GWM, 40, 320#, 6'-3", hairy, bearded, seeks other masculine bears (REBEL II, JACK EDWARDS, THE COLONEL) for loving. Actively seeking relationship. You: Hairy, 30-60 years old, affectionate and smart. Into cuddling, heavy tit work and deep kissing. Nuturing and sense of humor important as well. Michael Hildebrand, 5060 N. Marine Dr. #4D, Chicago, IL 60640.

(O-4/91) HEAVY OLDER MEN: GWM, 48, 5'-8", 140#, brown/blond hair, blue eyes, 6" cut, looking for men over 50, 250#+ and well endowed. Write: JNO, 2238, N. Lakewood, IL 60614.

(C-6/91) CHICAGO: West suburban artist seeks older gentlemen, any size, to model in the comfort of their own home. Photo/phone appreciated, but not necessary. Write: **DARKCHILDE**

INDIANA

(L-12/90) INDIANAPOLIS COUPLE SEEKS SON: We are mid-fifties, over 6 ft. tall, professional couple seeking son under 30 to share life's pleasures. Height and weight in proportion. No drugs, non-smoker, safe sex. Write and tell us about yourself and your desires for future. Photo a help. All answered. Write: Alan, Box 1261, Indianapolis, IN 46206.

(H-10/90) HOT HOOSIER: GWM, early 60s, 5'-6", 147#, silver hair and losing. Non-smoker/drug user and very light drinker. Love good food, hot videos, snuggling, kissing and lots of action. Very affectionate and looking for close friend. Write: **EDDIE**

LOUISIANA

(S-10/90) LOUISIANA-NATIONWIDE: GWM, 70, 5'-8", 185#, active physically, mentally and sexually. Versatile. Seeking friends and companion (any age) for cruises and trips to places like Europe, Australia, South America and who can afford own expenses. Let's explore while we can. Write: Bill S., 7640 LaSalle #201, Baton Rouge, LA 70806, or phone (504) 923-1432.

MARYLAND

(L-8/90) HEAVY GENTLE MEN: Bi Asian male, 6'-1", 188#, 39, gentle, kind, honest, dark hair/eyes, smooth skin, loves light classical/pop music, reading, conversations. Seeks friendship with heavy, big bellied, gentle, friendly, honest men age 45 to ?, any race, who love hugging, touching, tit play and safe sex. Uncut a plus, but not necessary. Photo appreciated. Write: **SGP.**

MASSACHUSETTS

(D-10/90) CHEST TO CHEST--CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 41, 5'-11", 180#, moustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. All replies answered. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

(Q-10/90) PROVINCETOWN: Anybody out there who would like to exchange nude photos and correspondence for safe fun with a GWM who is 40-years-old, 5'-8", 150#, 7" cut, brown eyes, average good looks and balding? I'm turned on to mature men, both in mind and body. Age, weight, looks unimportant. Your nude photo gets mine. I'm honest and discreet. Please reply with photo to: Vince, P.O. Box 1382, Provincetown, MA 02657.

MICHIGAN

(Q-10/90) MICHIGAN/NATIONWIDE: Seeking young men, 25-40, who are healthy, masculine, mature, honest, who like to cuddle, kiss, Fr A/P. I'm GWM, 62, 5'-10", 165#, into travel, videos, gardening, sports, exercise and more. Photo appreciated. Write: Jack, P.O. Box 11, Carrollton, MI 48724.

JOHN BLAYLOCK

(S-8/90) YOUNGER MAN SEEKS OLDER CHUBBY: WM, 29, 5'-7", 150#, brown hair/eyes, moustache, hairy body, thick 6" X 6" cut, clean, very affectionate, masculine. Seeks older chubby man for friendship and good sex. Prefer 55-75, over 200#, grey or white hair, balding, beards, moustaches, pipe or cigar smokers, nice round buns, men under 5'-7". Please send photo to: M.G.S., P.O. Box 9312, Livonia, MI 48150.

(P-12/90) MICHIGAN: GWM, 64, 6 feet, 175#, masculine, well trimmed beard/moustache, Greek A/P, French A/P, nicely endowed, non-smoker, light drinker. Interests: Arts, antiques, books, bridge, camping, hiking, walking, cross-country skiing, western dress (leather, Levis, boots), boating, watersports, gourmet cooking, old cars, motorcycles, music, opera, theatre. Travel US/overseas. Seeking GWM, 55 plus with somewhat similar interests. Write: **COSMOPOLITAN.**

(W-8/90) BIG GRAYS WANTED: Black male, 6', 170#, 35 years old, financially independent, HIV negative, interested in hearing from super heavies in Michigan and Ohio. Wide rears, big thighs and legs are very, very desirable. Hair and big balls are a plus. 45+, 300#+ are ideal, but ad is open to all heavies. Will answer all. Write: B.L.W., P.O. Box 441786, Detroit, MI 48244-1786.

MINNESOTA

(A-10/90) MINNEAPOLIS: GWM, gentlemanly, medium-tall, slim, smooth, 60, prime health, laid-back, low-key but communicative of feelings and ideas; good listener, well-read, sincere attitude, warm disposition, loyal, enjoys humor and serious conversation. You: sincere, stable, warm-hearted, considerate, cordial, non-judgmental, without dependencies. Respond, discover, exchange views and tastes. Write: **READY AND WILLING.**

MISSOURI

(B-8/90) KANSAS CITY AND FT. LAUDERDALE: Very nice GWM would like to meet you. I'm 6'-1", 166#, 40, with brown hair, blue eyes, very white, very smooth skin. Have a 9 incher and am French A/P and Greek A. Tested HIV negative. A sexy loving man looking for one to one, but can entertain visitors. Especially like heavy, hairy, stocky Chiron guys over 45. Have a nice place in Kansas City and Ft. Lauderdale. Write and send a nude photo and I'll do the same. Write: **REDDY**

NEVADA

(H-8/90) NATIONWIDE: Wanted: GWM who has a motor home and likes to travel. Share expenses. Become good friends. Sex not necessary. If interested, drop me a line or two. Write: **TEDDY II.**

NEW JERSEY

(G-12/90) MASCULINE SUBMISSIVE: BiWM, 5'-11", 165#, 61-year-old, athletic, dark brown/balding. Very affectionate, intelligent, loyal friend. Wide range of interests: cultural, scientific, spiritual, intellectual, sexual, psycho-sexual. HIV negative, Greek/P. Into mind control. Ken - (201) 592-6690 evenings or weekends.

(Z-8/90) NEW JERSEY/NYC: 60, 5'-10", 210#, blue eyes, grey/blond hair, professional classical musician with good sense of humor. I'm caring and affectionate. If you're between 40 and 55, sensitive and intelligent, I would hope to hear from you. Write: **ART.**

(W-8/90) ATLANTIC CITY AREA: GWM, 33, 5'-9", 160#, moustache, brown hair/balding, hairy chest/legs, masculine, trim, Greek and French A/P and HIV negative. Seeking masculine GWM over 45, non-smoker preferred. Write with photo to: **HIRSUTE.**

NEW MEXICO

(M-8/90) NATIONWIDE/SOUTHWEST: Lonely in small, rural, closeted area. Will exchange letters, photos, porn videos, JO ideas, hot phone calls. I am 62, 5'-7", 135#, wirey, outdoor tan, prefer men 50+ with same interests. No permanent commitments, just gentle love. Include phone number for fast reply. Write: EL PAISANO.

NEW YORK

(C-8/90) YOUNGER GUYS: are what I'm into, along with theatre, music, cooking and swimming. This personable Village guy would like to meet you. Write: **BRAD.**

(D-2/91) SEEK 40+ TOPMAN: 42 year old Italian bottom, hairy, moustache, 185#, 5'-11", looking to please masculine older topman with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO.**

(L-8/90) SHARE A PAIR IN NYC OR FAIRFIELD COUNTY: Junior is 50, 5'-11", 180#, balding with close cropped pepper & salt beard, plus 8" thick uncut. Senior is 70, 6', 187#, silver fox hair, 6" cut. Have no age, ethnic or color hangups. Just seeking manly, well-endowed (hairy a plus), versatile partners who are Fr/Gr A/P guys. We're successful professionals who enjoy the good life. Photo/phone a must! Write: J.R., Box 25, Georgetown, CT 06829.

(H-4/91) WESTERN NEW YORKER: GWM, 47, 5'-10", 185#, brown hair, beard, moustache seeks muscular dude with large beer belly, massive thighs. I enjoy

body contact, massages, light workouts, pigging out. No drugs. Write: Rick, P.O. Box 833, Buffalo, NY 14231-0833.

(C-8/90) BINGHAMTON AREA: GW Couple, 64, 5'-9", 200#, beard, grey hair; and 54, 5'-6", 175#, salt & pepper. We're gentle, affectionate and fun loving, looking for same, senior couples or singles, stocky preferred. We enjoy classical music, cooking, gardening, golf, intellectual pursuits, nature, photo exchange. Prefer NE Pennsylvania and southern tier NY State, but would enjoy hearing from anyone nationwide. Write: **CC & THE MONK**

(D-10/90) NY CITY/NATIONWIDE: Hi! If you are reading the personals you may be looking for me. I am a young 62-year-old Brooklyn Italian, 5'-9", 165#, silver hair, bearded, masculine. Seeking warm, 45+, hairy teddy bears. Facial hair a plus. Looking for relationship or straight acting buddies. P/P Please. Write: **ARIES**.

(S-8/90) SEEK GWM BOTTOM LIFEMATE/NYC/NATIONWIDE: Solely top GWM, 58, 5'-8", 150#, minor physical disability, seeks sumo build/chubby GWM, solely BOTTOM EXPERT for monogamous lifemate only. Anally oriented only. Be over 45, 6 feet plus, over 225#, stable, mature, loving, caring, sharing, tender, honest too. Write: Don Sims, 141-60 - 84th Rd., #6-H, Jamaica, NY 11435.

(C-12/90) ARE YOU OVER 55? Masculine W/M, 40, 6'-1", trim, hairy, clean shaven, short dark hair, non-smoker, non-promiscuous, health conscious, genuinely attracted to older men, seeks affectionate and caring gentleman over 55 (no upper limit) for sincere friendship, hopefully leading to permanent, monogamous relationship. Am loving, sensitive, loyal, outgoing and want to share my life with a self-respectful and dignified man. Any area. Would relocate. All detailed letters with photo answered. Photo essential. Please write: Jack, Box 591, 208 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022.

(P-8/90) NEW YORK: Middle-aged man, good health, bald, muscular, seeks friends in New York City area. Write: John Preston, 125 E. 72nd St., or call (212) 744-7644.

(M-8/90) SMOKIN' MASCULINE DAD WANTED: BM, 6ft., 170#, masculine, handsome, friendly, age 30, seeks mature, manly, big-dicked, cigarette/stogie smoker for hot oral worship. Spread your legs and light up while your boy goes to work on your meat. Write: B.A.M., 434 - 6th Ave., Box 668, New York, NY 10011.

(B-10/90) SON SEEKS DAD: Long Island/Nationwide, 26, 5'-8", 160#, passive, athletic, professional. Likes sports, gambling, porno and older men. A/P French, P Greek. Seeks assertive, rugged, fatherly top with strong features and who is gentle but firm when necessary. Some kink in a father-son setting is okay. Moustache and a big, hairy chest is a plus. Balding, chubby and cigarettes, etc. are fine. ZIPPER, BUZZ and CJ types especially welcome. Correspondence, visits, vacations and more possible. Pop, I'm waiting. Write: **ANXIOUS SON**

(S-8/90) WNY BUFFALO TONAWANDAS: GWM, mid-sixties, 185#, 6 ft., warm, affectionate, sense of humor, non-smoker, social drinker, fetish tight faded jeans, Greek A/P, French A/P, looking for same or younger. Write: **SCORPIO II**

(C-10/90) NY QUEENS/NASSAU AREA: Argentinian, 42, 5'-8", 200#, brown hair/eyes, Italian looking, seeking friends to go out weekends. Solid/mature, same age or older preferred. Enjoy dinner/talk/musicals/movies/quiet evenings in/beach/cultural--who knows if relationship can develop? Please give me a try, tri-state area. Write: OUCEE, P.O. Box 1132, Port Washington, NY 11050.

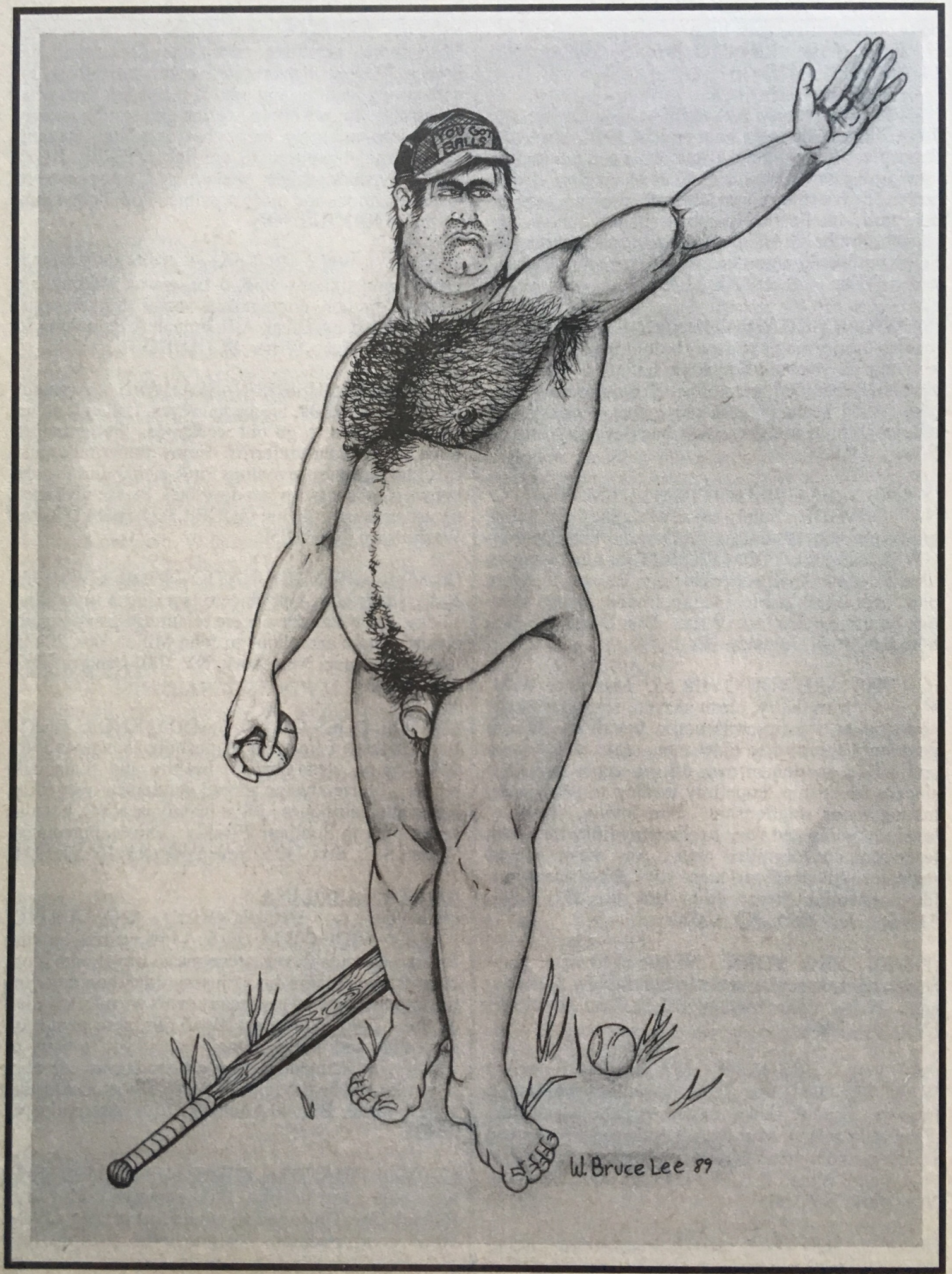
(M-8/90) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 30s, 5'-4", 155#, b/br, hot, sincere, seeking a masculine, stocky, hairy man for sincere relationship and togetherness. Photo and phone to John Miller, Box 20235, London Terrace, New York, NY 10011 and/or (212) 255-0125.

(C-8/90) DOES GRANDDADDY KNOW BEST? Let's find out. I am a GWM, pushing 35, who is 5'-8", 143#, hairy, clean-shaven, healthy and financially secure. I have always adored gentlemen over sixty, especially hairy ones. I live mainly in NYC, but also spend time in Southern Florida. Photo appreciated. Write: S.C., Box 7425, New York, NY 10150-1911.

NORTH CAROLINA

(H-8/90) INCURABLE ROMANTIC/NATIONWIDE:GWM, 65, 6', 175#, retired, looking for friend/penpal/lover, someone to travel with, concerts, theatre, dining out, or just stay at home, enjoying life together for however many years we may have left on this planet. Someone 30s to 60s, slim to stocky, masculine and active. Don't care if you're hairy or unhairy, cut or uncut, just have a good heart and sense of homor and be thoughtful. Levis, boots and leather a plus. Write: Bill, 40 Audubon Drive, Asheville, NC 28804.

(F-10/90) TRIANGLE: GWM, 44, 5'-7", 150#, brown hair, blue eyes, healthy, HIV negative. Moved to Raleigh from Chicago and would like to meet GWM, 50-65, good condition, 5'-9" and under, no drugs, light


I Got Balls
W. Bruce Lee 89

to no social drinking and who appreciates a lot of attention. I'll look forward to hearing from you. Photo if possible, but not necessary. Thank you. Bill Fuller, P.O. Box 10912, Raleigh, NC 27605.

OHIO

(S-12/90) CLEVELAND/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 41, 5'-4", 185#, seeking attractive men, 21-49. I enjoy music, movies, travel, nature and sex. I'm sincere, discreet, caring, passionate, romatic and loving. Photo desired with replies. Prefer hairless, well-built men. Write: H.P.S., P.O. Box 99306, Cleveland, OH 44199.

(D-12/90) NE OHIO/SOUTH FLORIDA SEEKS LOVER: GWM, 65, 6'-1", 205#, hairy, healthy, muscular, seeks macho type over 50, for monogamous relationship. Enjoy sports, boats, beach, music, travel, love. Financially sound. Own property. Willing to share or move. Write: Tom Dolson, P.O. Box 1226, Cuyahoga Falls, OH 44223, or call (216) 929-7225.

OKLAHOMA

(R-8/90) SOUTHWEST U.S./NATIONWIDE: Masculine GWM, 39, heavyset, blondish and smooth-skinned, seeks fatherly, masculine and assertive man, 55+, stocky (hairy and balding a big plus), for friendship and whatever else is mutually agreeable. The model IRONWORKER has the ideal look for my tastes. I am successful, very career-oriented and travel some. I grew up in a small town and have not lost the values I learned there and admire in others. If you seek affection, sincerity, horniness and old-fashioned respect and consideration in a junior partner, I may be your boy! I hope you'll write (with photo if possible) to: **JUNIOR PARTNER.**

OREGON

(D-8/90) CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO NORTHWESTERNERS: 52, healthy, masculine, affectionate, horny, non-smoker, stocky frame, clean-shaven, hairy chested, professional and clean, seeks young, virile, sensual man who prefers my type. Enclose photo. Write: Sandy, P.O. Box 775, Portland, OR 97207 - OR - other seeks mature men for hot tubbing or massaging. Have indoor hot tub. Call Sandy, (503) 223-1679, or write same P.O. Box, c/o Sandy.

(M-8/90) HOUSEMATE/POSSIBLE SALARIED EMPLOYEE WANTED: Current requirement is for housemate. As business develops, salaried position or partnership is possible. Must speak fluent Wild Irish Setter, be non-smoker, 50-65 years, hairy, compatible with us, excellent cook, housekeeper. Must have good telephone communication, administrative skills. Verifiable references are required. Must enjoy semi-isolated living, one hour from Portland. Free room, board in beautiful home with mountain setting in 8 forested acres, and opportunity in participating in developing business of importing quality German products. Future salary or business partnership possible. In exchange for learning helping in business, housekeeping, cooking, Irish Setter sitting, joining regular household activities, you must be alone and handle all, while team (lovers and business partners, 55 and 36) travels extensively. Successful, growth-oriented business. Excellent opportunity. Write: **OPPORTUNITY.**

(D-6/91) TRAVELING THRU OREGON? WRITE AHEAD; GOOD TIMES ASSURED: 52, healthy, masculine, affectionate, horny, non-smoking, stocky-framed, hairy-chested, clean-shaven, professional and clean, seeks younger, sensual, virile man who prefers my type. Have indoor hot tub. Enclose photo and write to: Sandy, P.O. Box 775, Portland, OR 97207, or call (503) 223-1679.

PENNSYLVANIA

(C-4/91) S.E. PHILADELPHIA & JERSEY SHORE: GWM, 57, hairless body and hung, would like to meet gay males 60 to ? for friendship. Cannot get into relationship at this time. Am Fr-A/P, HIV negative. Love to kiss, cuddle and give oral service. Hairy bodies a plus, but not necessary. Photo exchange. Pen pals welcome. Write: Eagle, P.O. box 421, Collingdale, PA 19023.

(D-10/90) PHILADELPHIA GWM, 33: 155#, 5'-10", bearded, hairy, affectionate, wants relationship with a tall, hairy, masculine, over 35, heavy set, bearded bear, into tit play, kissing and cuddling, French A/P. Photo appreciated. Write: **DRIVER EIGHT**

(G-8/90) READING-LANCASTER: GWM, 60s, body hair, 6'-1", 210#, short/thinning grey hair. Want to hear from men around this area and anywhere, penpals welcomed. Fr A/P, HIV negative. Love to kiss, cuddle and feel the nearness of another man. Married men okay. Will not interfere in your family affairs. Photo appreciated. Write: **CHIPMUNK**

RHODE ISLAND

(J-8/90) PROVIDENCE: Obese men with huge buns, 300-400 pounds, let me lick you! Send photo to: Richard Judge, 460 Charles St., Apt. 1011, Providence, RI 02904.

TEXAS

(H-10/90) HOUSTON/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 35, 5'-9", 160#, green/brown, handsome, sensitive, sincere and honest. Enjoys theatre, dining out, quiet evenings at home, tennis, scuba and skiing. Seeks friendship/relationship with 45-65, masculine, romantic who loves to cuddle. Prefer average to stocky (heavyset) build. Hairy and over 5'-10" a plus. Please submit a photo with correspondence. Write: **ANGEL.**

(G-2/91) HOUSTON, TEXAS: GWM, 47, 5'-8",

145#, smoker, non-drinker, easy-going, articulate, cuddly, *luvable*, seeking similar or older for sex partner/caring, intimate relationship. Write: J.G., 7211 Ilex St., Houston, TX 77012.

(I-2/91) YOUNG IN EAST TEXAS: Writer/ professional GWM, 28 years, single, trim, dark hair and eyes, 5'-7", 155#, loves country/western and rock, non-smoker, social drinker, HIV negative; seeks older, hairy man 40+ of the REBEL II type (but all inquiries welcome). Drop me a line and we'll see what cums up. But! Sex is secondary, emotions first. Write: **ROYCE**.

(K-8/90) AUSTIN AREA/NATIONWIDE: Looking for new friends and sexual encounters. Versatile. Over 40, 5'-11", 170#, 7-1/2" cut, professional. Like to hear your fantasies and experiences. Promise sincerity. Exchange photos. Write: Walter Knight, Box 44, Del Valle, TX 78617. Phone: (512) 441-2784.

(S-8/90) HUNTING BEARS: GWM, late 50s, 5'-9", 195#, big arms and chest, hairy body, hung, big balls. Looking for other hunky bears, 35-65 for safe mutual fun. Photo and phone gets fast reply. Write: **RUSSIANBEAR**

UTAH

(C-10/90) SILVER BEAR: GWM, 69, 5'-11", 195#. Enjoy the nude lifestyle and welcome all nude and natural men to stop by and visit, contact first. I am hairy, uncut, silver crew cut, 'stache and pencil-thin beard. All answered with photo and stats. Write: **GULL**

VIRGINIA

(S-8/90) NEW IN D.C. FROM MONTANA ROCKIES: GWM, 41, 5'-5", average uncut endowment, black crewcut hair, dark brown eyes, moustache, husky, muscular, smooth body. If you are tall, hairy, attractive, hung (big balls a plus) and have a big ass, write me. But all of the aforementioned is not law if you are a masculine male of integrity, dignity and self-respect. Your nude photo gets mine. Write: **ABE**

WASHINGTON

(B-8/90) VISITING PACIFIC NORTHWEST/BRIT. COLUMBIA? Stay in neat, two-bedroom, fully-furnished house in park-like setting in Blaine, Washington. Full details: Contact Mike/Richard, P.O. Box 1348, Blaine, WA 98230 or call (206) 332-4319.

(L-8/90) CARING AND LOOKING: Looking for a young man I can love and care for. I'm over 60 and I believe in fun, love and sex. Looking for a homewith love? Northwest or ?, write today: **CARING**

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: Unless indicated otherwise, international ads with codewords require 45 cents per 1/2 oz on letter to be forwarded)

(J-2/91) VANCOUVER, BC: Retired, 65, 6'-2", 180#, gray hair and moustache, sexually enthusiastic, would like to correspond with and eventually meet other mature, heavy-set guys. I enjoy travelling, bridge and opera. Write: Hirondelle, Suite 480 - 1755 Robson, Vancouver, BC, V6G 3B7, CANADA.

(F-6/91) FRANKIE BEARMANIAC AND HE-BIG-MAN: totally welcome bears from anywhere. We offer you food and bed, south of Brussels, Belgium. We can't wait to meet you. Love. Write: **FRANKIE BEARMANIAC**

(L-12/90) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN TRANSPLANTED TO ESPAÑA: GWM, 45, 195#, 5'-8", seeks same to share my excellent adventure. If you're considerateand affectionate with a good sense of humor (stocky and hairy a plus), drop me a line. Friendship is first step. I enjoy sports, theatre, spontaneity and adventure, looking for Mr. Almost Right. Picture gets a picture. Write: **BULLDAWG** (25 cent stamp reqd)

(J-8/90) BLACK FRENCHMAN: Handsome black, living in France, 28, 6'-1", 175#, muscular, masculine, discreet, sensitive, cuddly, well-hung, smooth skin, non-smoker, non-drinker, seeks a heavy, hairy, sexy man over 40 who is affectionate and virile. Enjoy travel, music, arts, sports (golf, tennis). Like Tom Selleck. Would like copy of any SWAN video. Write: **BLACKFRENCH**

(M-10/90) SHORT, STOCKY CHUBBY WANTED FROM JAPAN: Affectionate Japanese professional, healthy, 40, 5'-7", 165#, black crewcut hair, brown eyes, warm, sensitive, quiet, honest. Enjoys classical music, theatre, travel, books, sunbathing. Seeking a gentleman over 48 (50s nice), short, stocky, smooth body, handsome, straight-acting, no drugs, for sincere friendship (hopefully leading to permanent, monogamous relationship). First, correspondence; secondary, mutual visit. Photo (nude, if possible) essential. Write: **SHOGUN**

(H-8/90) HONOLULU VACATION: German GWM, going to Honolulu. Would love to meet guys over 60. I'm tall, slim, early 40s. Please write Frans Heithecker, 6675 Neiderwurzbach, Seckentalstrabe 18, West Germany.

NOTE: THE DEADLINE FOR ADS IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE IS AUGUST 15TH.

LEN

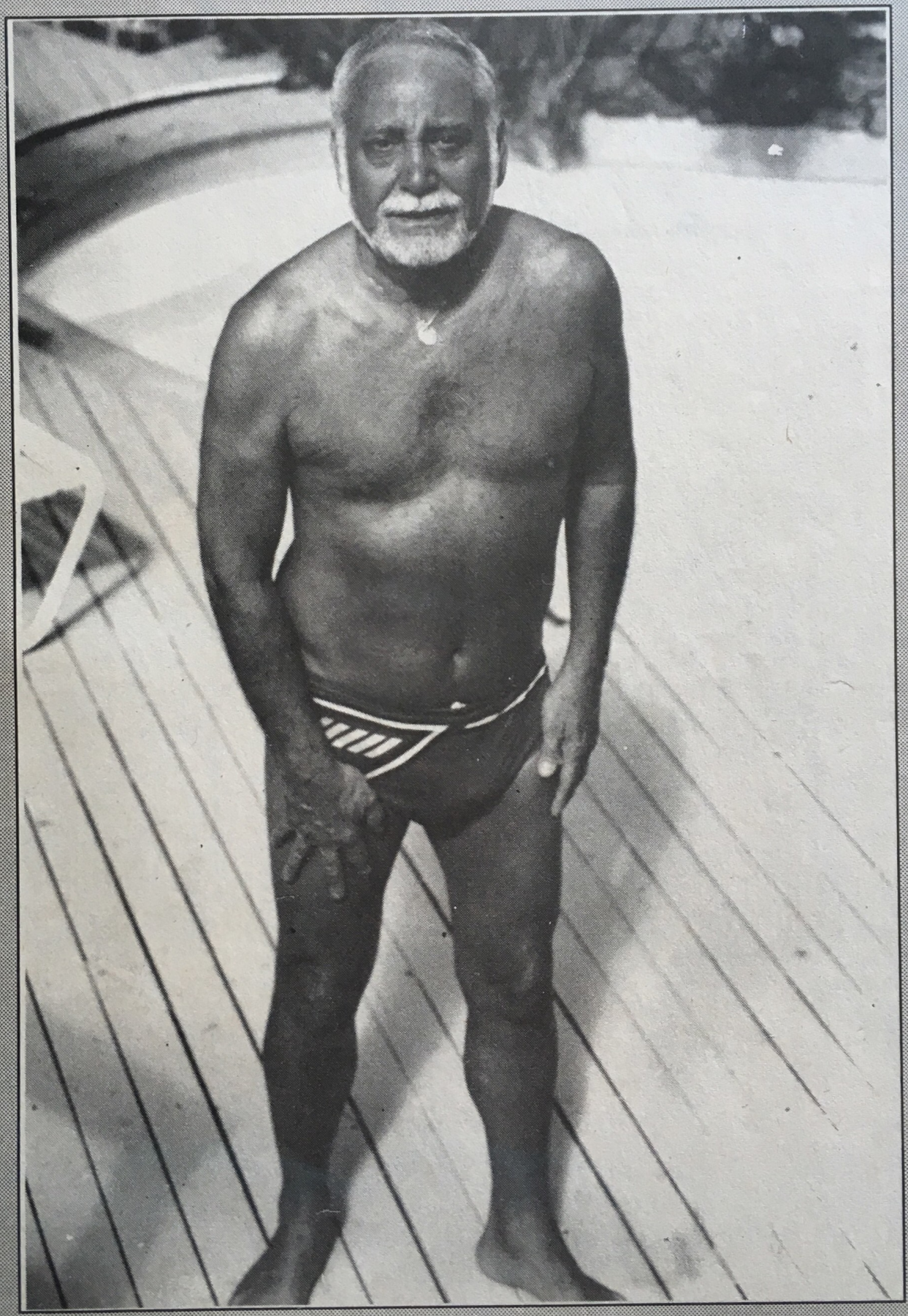
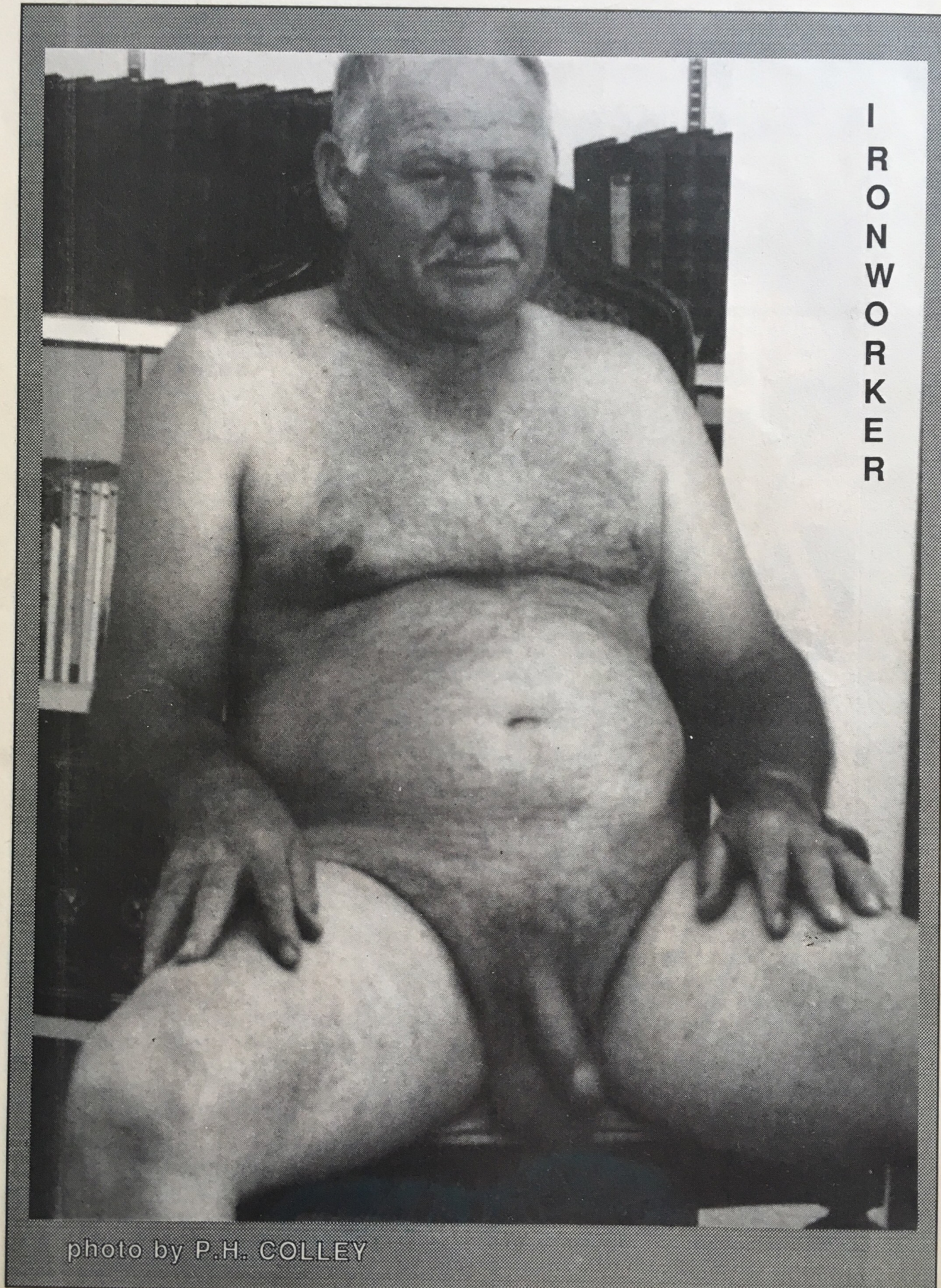


photo by KEVIN


IRONWORKER
photo by P.H. COLLEY

THE COLONEL

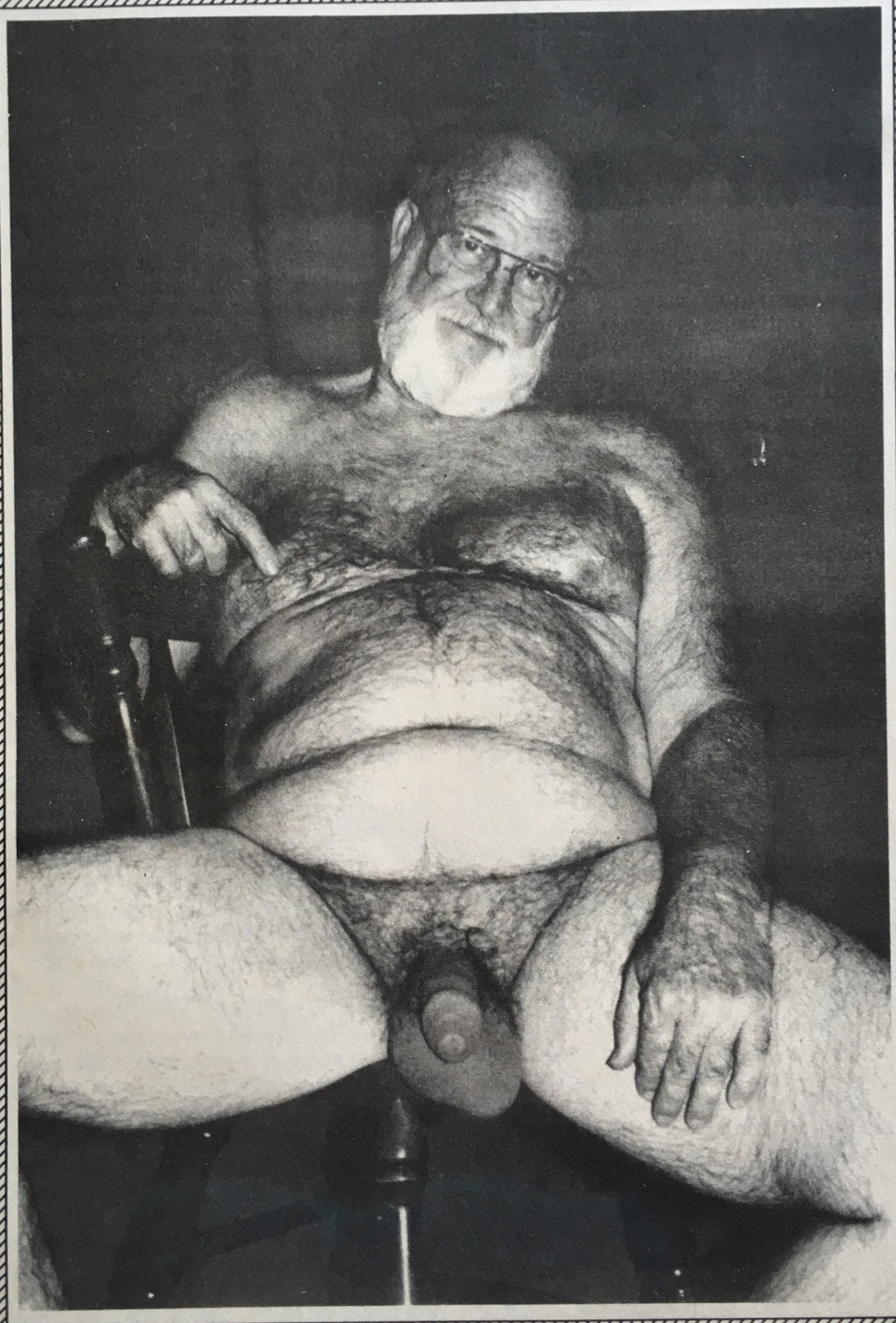


photo by KENT JUSTICE

"TATOO"

XYLOPHANG

How dangerous is your doctor? If you hold his words as gospel and look upon him with awe, then you're probably in trouble. You'd be much better off bringing him down from his godly throne.

Medical doctors are subject to unbelievable stress from the moment they first hit the books until they finally retire from practice. In medical school they are saturated with immense knowledge, too much of it forgotten by the time they reach residency. In residence, they are forced to work ridiculously long hours, yet retain the clearness of mind to make life or death decisions. When they begin private practice, they are confronted with staggering debt, and must treat as many patients as possible in the least amount of time. Under these circumstances, it's little wonder that they make mistakes.

Just from *memory*, I can relate some unbelievable mistakes:

A friend in Kansas City—let's call him Ralph—complained for almost a year about a coming-and-going, "squirming" pain in his abdomen. He was seeing an internal medicine type at the time and the good doctor prescribed Tagamet (a medicine to regulate stomach acid) for gastritis. He even allowed Ralph to take coated aspirin because Ralph had a horrible fear of having a stroke (although he didn't have hypertension). Ralph moved to Denver and found another internal medicine M.D., who decided that the pains were due to muscle spasms and took him off Tagamet. Later, Ralph's full blown ulcer hemorrhaged and sent him into shock, almost killing him. Four pints of blood and five days later, Ralph was discharged. After the ulcer seemed to heal, the doctor allowed Ralph to go back on coated aspirin (!) to accommodate his unnatural fear of a stroke. Naturally, another ulcer formed and Ralph was back to square one. Finally taking matters into his own hands, Ralph insisted upon seeing a gastroenterologist and found that his stomach should have been x-rayed or scoped a year prior to his near tragedy. When told of the aspirin, the G.I. doctor almost fainted.

Peter, an old friend from Hawaii, was being treated for hypertension when he began having irregular heartbeats. His regular family practice physician had him outfitted with a 24 hour holter monitor (a portable electrocardiogram) and sent him for a treadmill test, which turned out negative. Because the holter monitor had indicated something called "elevated STs" during the middle of the night, the doctor sent Peter to a sleep disorder specialist, who outfitted him with yet another 24 hour holter monitor and wired him for a sleep study. Although his heart registered over 700 irregular heartbeats, the sleep disorder specialist and his associated cardiologists were not impressed enough to prescribe any treatment. There was nothing more said about the "elevated ST's" and his irregular heartbeat was classified as asymptomatic. Unable to accept the arrhythmia, Peter went to another doctor, who insisted upon a third 24 hour holter monitor, and, when it proved negative, sent him for an echocardiogram. All this proved negative as well, so his doctor told him that, if he lost weight, the irregularity would *probably* go away (i.e. "Beats the fuck out of me why your heart is beating irregularly."), but he should not worry about it in the interim. Later Peter tried to obtain hospital insurance and found that his two previous doctors had told his prospective insurance company that he had been "treated" for arrhythmia. Of course, coverage was denied. Just last month, I talked to Peter, who advised that his arrhythmia virtually disappeared when he stopped drinking decaffeinated coffee. Yes, that's right--DEcaffeinated. Makes you wonder what chemicals they use to decaffeinate coffee "naturally." More importantly, his hypertension disappeared when he stopped drinking alcohol. He is now medication free, healthy as hell, yet unable to get health insurance . . . thanks to his doctors.

Then there's Jack, who placed all his faith in a certain Veteran's Administration Hospital in Southern California. His doctor, a surly, sweaty man with a thick accent, placed Jack on Micronase when his blood sugar reached 240 and insisted upon controlling his hypertension with Diazide, a diuretic. Unfortunately, his blood sugar only improved to 200 and his blood pressure managed to drop to 140/95—this was 1987, by the way, and much more effective medication was available. Luckily, Jack met the love of his life in the form of a male registered nurse, who got him in to see a crack internal medicine doctor in Anaheim. Within three months, Jack's blood sugar was corrected to normal with insulin and his blood pressure was improved to 120/80 with Capoten, a very effective antihypertensive. Had he stayed with his previous doctor, he would have died, according to his lover.

Finally, there is Bruno from Vallejo, a sweet young man who went to his doctor after experiencing an episode of distorted vision. While working under a lot of stress one afternoon, a bright dot appeared in the vision of both eyes. It grew and became a "halo," finally expanding out of his field of view. The doctor spent no more than ten minutes with him, diagnosing the episode as a TIA, or "transient ischemic attack" (a temporary obstruction of blood in a vessel in the brain). Instead of warning Bruno that such attacks are often hargingers of full-fledged strokes, he prescribed aspirin and hurried out to see the next patient. Being a rather skeptical fellow, Bruno purchased a book on symptoms and found out that a TIA is pretty serious business. Scared out of his wits, he almost didn't read the good part: each eye has its own blood supply. Any

"halo" caused by a TIA would have manifested in one eye, not two. Bruno is now so disillusioned with doctors that he has no intention of pursuing the mysterious halo any further.

I shudder when I think about all the senior men I've met who relate their health problem experiences. I remember things like, "They had to go into my chest again and clean up a bunch of stuff. I never did understand what they did." Or, "My doctor has me on about ten pills a day, but I have no idea what they're for." Or, the most tragic of all from an 80-year-old, ten days before he died:"My dentist goes from patient to patient with rubber gloves on, but I never see him wash his hands. I wonder if I caught the hepatitis from him?" This from an exceptionally healthy man who could have lived another 15 to 20 productive years.

What about my doctor, you ask? Well, he's one of the best. He has no intention of associating with me socially, but neither does he talk down to me. *I don't let him.* I don't leave his office until I understand his diagnosis. If his staff is rude or if I have to wait over an hour to see him, I complain. I've been known to validate some of his statements by getting a second opinion, or doing research in the library. I always check out a prescribed medication for interaction with other drugs I might be taking--prescribed and over-the-counter. We talk a lot about *prevention.*

Obviously, the human body is complicated and the medical establishment readily admits that we are nowhere near fully understanding disease and how our bodies fight it. Medical schools can teach only so much. Doctors just don't have time to keep abreast of all the changes and research. Most push themselves to the limits, working too long, trying to see too many patients. Doctors make mistakes. Most of them are dedicated professionals who truly care about their patients, but some are calloused. Others are downright dangerous, like those above.

Don't trust any one person with your health. Buy the AMA's Family Medical Guide and a guide to prescription drugs. Verify what your doctor tells you. Ask your pharmacist about the consequences of combining medications. Insist upon being referred to a specialist when you can't get a straight answer from your doctor. *Don't sit there nodding dumbly.*

The days of fair fights, old fashioned movies and trusting someone with your life are over. If you haven't noticed, health care is in deep trouble in this country. I therefore leave you with the following scenario as proof that you should be more assertive with your health care and start thinking PREVENTION:

You have a stroke and are rushed to the emergency room, only to find that it's already gridlocked with 100 victims of accidents, gang violence and crack overdose. And as you lay there, helplessly paralyzed, you say to yourself, "Oh, my God, I could have prevented this."

PUBLICATION POLICY

CHIRON RISING offers a tremendous opportunity for retired, novice or professional writers, artists and photographers to get exposure. Because we are still struggling to catch on, we can't pay cash for your creations. We can get you noticed by the right people, though, and we can pay you in other ways. We seek works that hold the more mature man in a positive light. Works may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

—Cartoons.

—Short stories. We no longer accept standard, purely sexual fiction or "porn." We do, however, accept unusual fiction in the genres of adventure, drama, comedy, horror, black comedy, fantasy, etc., the more erotic the better. Manuscripts must be less than 10 double spaced pages and must be edited and highly polished for consideration.

—Drawings, no larger than 8 X 10, unless invited.

—Poetry.

—Essays or articles on any subject of interest to the mature man and his admirers— same as short stories, except limited to 4 double spaced pages.

—Photographs (color or black & white)— full portrait, undisguised preferred, with good contrast and clarity. Will consider nude, clothed, erotic or otherwise. Releases required by those owning the publication rights.

Note: All subjects or characters depicted must be over 21 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia or bestiality will not be considered.

All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Payment will be made in CHIRON RISING copies, subscriptions or special issues as agreed to. Unsolicited manuscripts of short stories over 10 pages, novels, novellas, screen plays, plays or any other longer works will not be accepted without previous query.

SAMSON

Japan's celebrated magazine is now available to the rest of the world. The ultimate in photography and artwork for connoisseurs of big and older men. In Japanese, 275 pages. Published monthly. For our current issue, send 2,000 Japanese Yen or U.S. $14.00. Payment for one issue must be in cash only. For a 6 month subscription (6 issues), send 13,500 Japanese Yen in bank transfer or money order. For a 12 month subscription (12 issues, plus 1 free), send 24,000 Japanese Yen in bank transfer or money order. All prices include air mail postage. Cash should be sent well disguised via registered mail. Payee should read KAIMEI-KAN. Send payment, along with name and address to: KAIMEI-KAN, Overseas Division, P.O. Box 66, Shitaya Post Office, Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91.

C.

C.

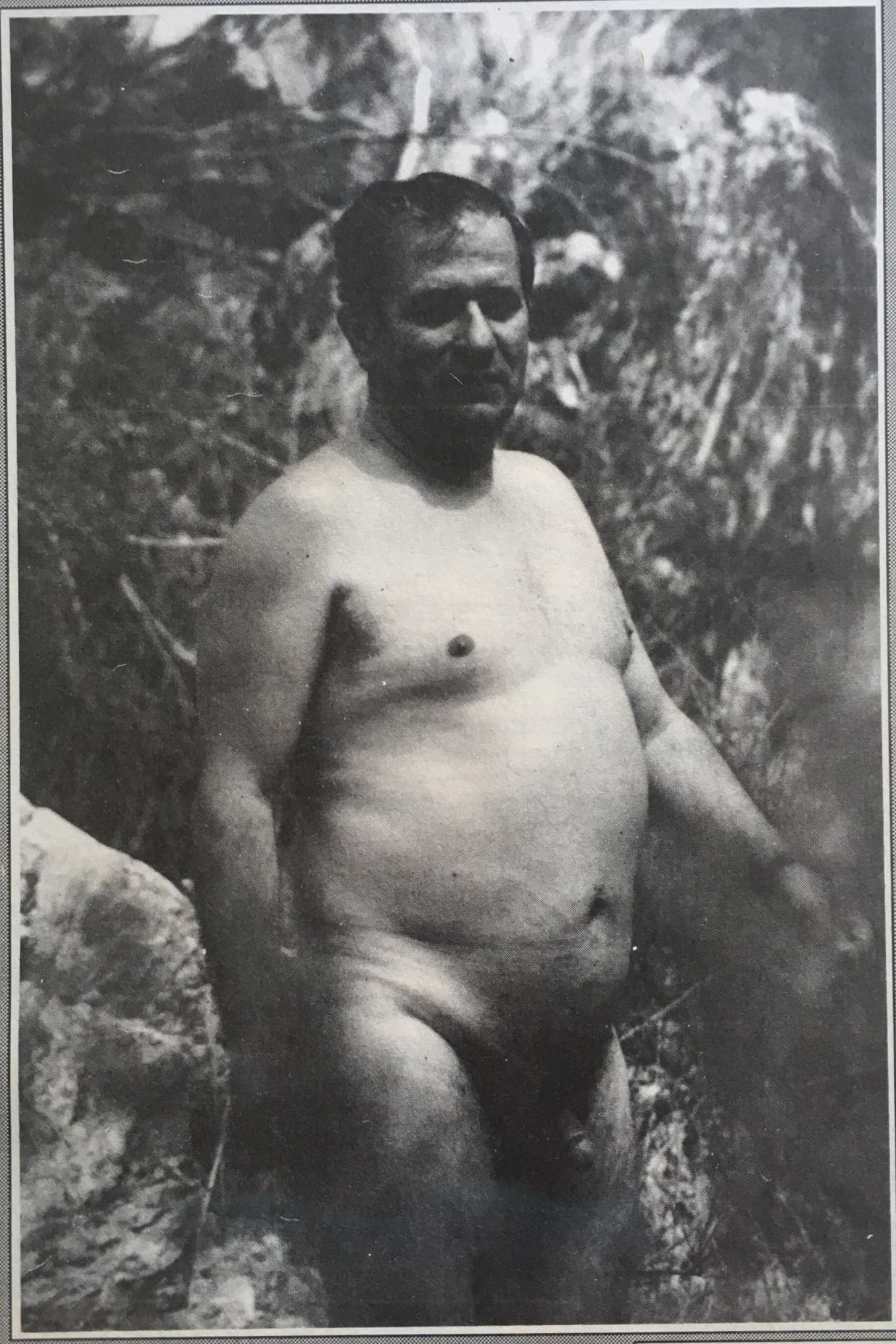


photo by P.H. COLLEY

EX-LOGGER

photo by MIKE III

WHERE DO YOU WANT
DADDY TO PUT THIS?

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENTS

In our June 90 issue, we asked that the owners of the *nom de plumes* **STEPHEN JAMES** ("Saturday Morning," Special May 90 issue) and **BIG EIDER** ("Confessions Of A Chubby," April 90) come forward to identify themselves. We had failed to include their real names in our cross reference file (bulging with about 700 names) and had no idea who these writers are. Until recently, no one came forward and we began to get nervous. Finally, we stumbled across the real name of STEPHEN JAMES. He renewed his subscription late and never even received the June issue until recently. And then we got the bad news: BIG EIDER had passed on, a victim of heart disease.

BIG EIDER never got to see his work in print because he died on February 8th, while visiting his lover in Southern California. I so wish that we had published the essay six months sooner, so that he could have seen and enjoyed it.

So, BIG EIDER, this is for you. This is the profile we never got to publish:

"A 52-year-old, transplanted Californian, BIG EIDER currently teaches in the Chicago area. He enjoys creative writing and observing human behavior. Although he lives in the midwest, he regularly commutes to Southern California to be with his lover."

Although we never got the opportunity to meet the man, his lover and others who knew him well, tell us that he was a kind, giving, highly intelligent man. His lover told us that he would want to leave this message to all our readers: "Never let a day pass without telling the one closest to you that you love them."

***

Fortunately we can publicly apologize to STEPHEN JAMES. STEPHEN, please forgive us. We should have remembered you. Here is your profile:

"STEPHEN JAMES is in his late 20s and lives in Ohio with his physician lover. STEPHEN is a fiercely dedicated subscriber (since 1987) and is turning lots of heads with his unique fiction."

***

We're happy to announce that KENN RICHIE has successfully undergone vascular surgery in his legs and will soon be up and at his typewriter with a renewed ferocity. He's had a tough go of it, what with a couple of years seeing the wrong doctors and getting the wrong treatment (he was diabetic, but none of the previous doctors diagnosed it), but he should be all right now. How about some fan letters to cheer him up and urge him to write more fiction?

***

We proudly announce the marriage of the guy we most wanted to see find a mate. We can't mention his name or accurately describe him here (we'll call him SILK, because he's known for doing something as smooth as silk), but we *will* relate the essence of what he went through to find Mr. Right.

SILK is rather basic-looking at first glance and has experienced health problems out the kazoo. He's been afflicted by bizarre muscular disfunctions and has suffered from endocrinopathic weight fluctuations, sometimes gaining or losing a great quanitity of weight in a matter of days. But he survives with gusto.

He never gave up the search for just the right man, either, in spite of all the dry runs. He was even victimized by one of those let's-fall-in-love-by-mail types, who promptly dropped him when the paper was replaced by real flesh.

But just the other day, a very perceptive man in Colorado saw the real SILK. He saw the powerful spirituality, the compassion, the determination, the intelligence. Wanting more, he explored the sensual side of the coin and tasted the intoxicating chemistry of *just the right man* .

Congratulations, SILK and new mate!

***

Although the ENCORE COLLECTION and the May 90 Special are getting rave reviews from readers, we receive quite a few letters from some of our old timers, asking when we're going to do another illustrated novel like the BARNEY SPECIAL (January 88). Well, wait no longer than November 1, 1990, when we'll hit the streets with one of our best specials of all time. We'll feature my latest novel, SANCTUM, which is a barn burner about the CIA, the KGB, coming out late in life, betrayal, intrigue and cock addiction. It features male characters of every age, size and sexual persuasion, and has a kick-in-the-balls ending you'll never forget. It'll be illustrated by RADER, who will show the world that he is indeed one of the greatest erotic artists on the planet. For you guys who want more than that, we offer a stunning, un-censored, full color photo spread, featuring the exciting new model KORV and the equally smoldering ZIPPER and IRONWORKER--plus a surprise or two. We aren't sure of the size yet, but it should be over 100 pages--8 to12 of them in full, glossy color. It will go on sale in theupcoming October 90 issue.

***

Until then, if you have a mate, take good care of him. If you don't, keep looking. All it takes is one magical moment.

Much Love . . . . Pat and The Friar

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENTS

In our June 90 issue, we asked that the owners of the *nom de plumes* **STEPHEN JAMES** ("Saturday Morning," Special May 90 issue) and **BIG EIDER** ("Confessions Of A Chubby," April 90) come forward to identify themselves. We had failed to include their real names in our cross reference file (bulging with about 700 names) and had no idea who these writers are. Until recently, no one came forward and we began to get nervous. Finally, we stumbled across the real name of STEPHEN JAMES. He renewed his subscription late and never even received the June issue until recently. And then we got the bad news: BIG EIDER had passed on, a victim of heart disease.

BIG EIDER never got to see his work in print because he died on February 8th, while visiting his lover in Southern California. I so wish that we had published the essay six months sooner, so that he could have seen and enjoyed it.

So, BIG EIDER, this is for you. This is the profile we never got to publish:

"A 52-year-old, transplanted Californian, BIG EIDER currently teaches in the Chicago area. He enjoys creative writing and observing human behavior. Although he lives in the midwest, he regularly commutes to Southern California to be with his lover."

Although we never got the opportunity to meet the man, his lover and others who knew him well, tell us that he was a kind, giving, highly intelligent man. His lover told us that he would want to leave this message to all our readers: "Never let a day pass without telling the one closest to you that you love them."

***

Fortunately we can publicly apologize to STEPHEN JAMES. STEPHEN, please forgive us. We should have remembered you. Here is your profile:

"STEPHEN JAMES is in his late 20s and lives in Ohio with his physician lover. STEPHEN is a fiercely dedicated subscriber (since 1987) and is turning lots of heads with his unique fiction."

***

We're happy to announce that KENN RICHIE has successfully undergone vascular surgery in his legs and will soon be up and at his typewriter with a renewed ferocity. He's had a tough go of it, what with a couple of years seeing the wrong doctors and getting the wrong treatment (he was diabetic, but none of the previous doctors diagnosed it), but he should be all right now. How about some fan letters to cheer him up and urge him to write more fiction?

***

We proudly announce the marriage of the guy we most wanted to see find a mate. We can't men his name or accurately describe him here (we'll call h SILK, because he's known for doing something smooth as silk), but we *will* relate the essence of he went through to find Mr. Right.

SILK is rather basic-looking at first glan has experienced health problems out the kazoo been afflicted by bizarre muscular disfunctio has suffered from endocrinopathic weight flu tions, sometimes gaining or losing a great quaniti weight in a matter of days. But he survives with gu

He never gave up the search for just the ri man, either, in spite of all the dry runs. He was e victimized by one of those let's-fall-in-love-by- types, who promptly dropped him when the paper replaced by real flesh.

But just the other day, a very perceptive ma Colorado saw the real SILK. He saw the powe spirituality, the compassion, the determination, the telligence. Wanting more, he explored the sensual s of the coin and tasted the intoxicating chemistry of *the right man* .

Congratulations, SILK and new mate!

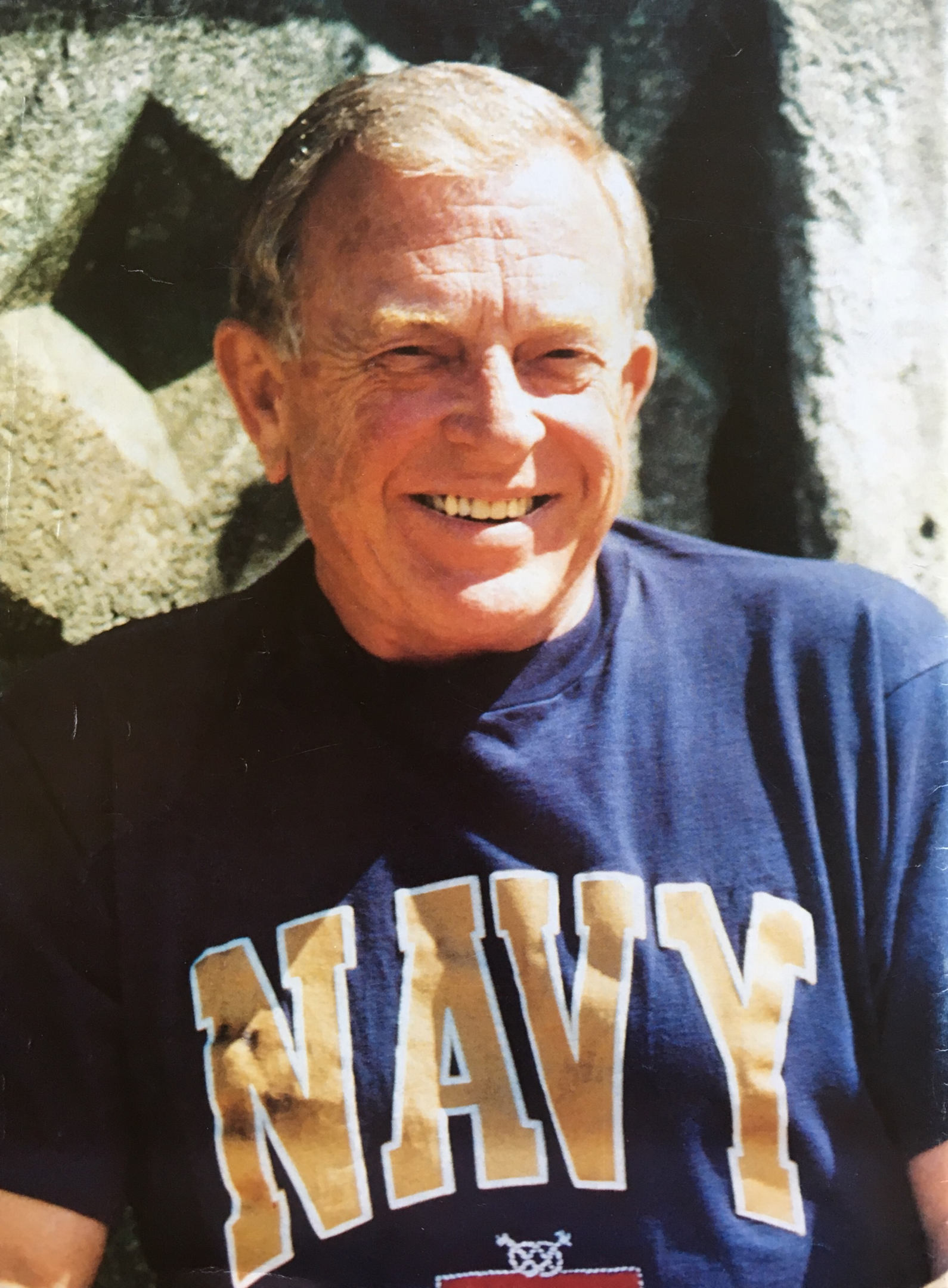
***

Although the ENCORE COLLECTION an the May 90 Special are getting rave reviews from readers, we receive quite a few letters from some of our old timers, asking when we're going to do another illustrated novel like the BARNEY SPECIAL (January 88). Well, wait no longer than November 1, 1990, when we'll hit the streets with one of our best specials of all time. We'll feature my latest novel, SANCTUM, which is a barn burner about the CIA, the KGB, coming out late in life, betrayal, intrigue and cock addiction. It features male characters of every age, size and sexual persuasion, and has a kick-in-the-balls ending you'll never forget. It'll be illustrated by RADER, who will show the world that he is indeed one of the greatest erotic artists on the planet. For you guys who want more than that, we offer a stunning, un-censored, full color photo spread, featuring the exciting new model KORV and the equally smoldering ZIPPER and IRONWORKER--plus a surprise or two. We aren't sure of the size yet, but it should be over 100 pages--8 to12 of them in full, glossy color. It will go on sale in theupcoming October 90 issue.

***

Until then, if you have a mate, take good care of him. If you don't, keep looking. All it takes is one magical moment.

Much Love . . . . Pat and The Friar


NAVY